

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.  
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THE PLAGUE IN BOMBAY: A FUNERAL AT NIGHT.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Persons of a serious turn of mind, who have found the "Mausoleum," the "Palladium," and the "Megalothesaurus" too flippant and volatile, have now a chance of joining a society to their liking in the Armorial Bearings Club. Members of this establishment will have a subject in common to converse about which does not lend itself to frivolity. Outsiders, persons who have no arms, make fun of it (as fun, so called, has been made out of Shakspeare and Milton), and quote Cobbett's observation about a "couple of jackasses fighting for a piece of gilt gingerbread," but in their heart of hearts they would give a great deal to "write themselves *armigero*"—like Justice Shallow. I dwell upon this because I am myself qualified for the club. The Government acknowledges the fact, for, otherwise, it surely would not take a guinea a year from me for "armorial bearings," and I am patriotic enough to wish it were two guineas, because that would show I kept a carriage. I admit it is only a crest; but such a crest! The quarter of a griffin and a dove is not a modern combination, I reckon: the dove, we know, was in the Ark, but the griffin was not, being, so to speak, a pre-Arkaic animal. The explanation of its appearing in a mutilated condition, according to Professor Walker, is that, in consequence of its connection with the dove, its temper was ameliorated, and it became "not half a griffin." The heraldic legends are full of these subtle interpretations. It may be urged by cavillers that a crest is not a coat-of-arms; but it might be made so. We are expressly told that similar insignia were originally worn upon the overcoat (or surcoat), though in modern times the custom was disused except by heralds. Why not revive it? It would be much simpler and less expensive than the plan proposed of painting each member's coat-of-arms upon the walls and ceilings of the club, and would confer pleasure upon the humbler classes, who, perceiving us coming and going in these picturesque costumes, would be interested and elevated. I should hope, after what I have said of my qualifications, that there would be no opposition to my becoming a member of the A. B. C., but I may mention that I have a still more positive and direct claim to admission under the head (No. 10 in the heraldic list, though in reality there are but two of them), "Hereditary arms transmitted from a father to his descendants."

My fear is that what with the ambitious views of the promoters as to the character of the Armorial Bearings Club, and the strictness with which the claims of applicants will be considered, it will be some time before this magnificent institution is established. In the meantime, might I suggest a Cockade Club, addressed exclusively (as the money-lenders shape their offers) to "noblemen, gentlemen of landed property, and officers on full pay"? With a coachman furnished with this appendage, one must be somebody, and *might* be a Privy Councillor, a circumstance of much social attraction. The effect even of a crest upon the human mind in a country so democratic as America is thus described by Mrs. Butler in her Journal—

A gentleman of New York sent a die of his crest to a manufacturer to have it put upon his gig-harness. The man sent home the harness when it was finished, but without the die. After sending for it several times, the owner called, when the reply was, "Oh, why, I didn't know you wanted it!" "I tell you I wish to have it back." "Oh, pooh, pooh! you can't want it much now, do you?" "I tell you, Sir, I desire to have the die back immediately." "Ah, well, come now, what'll you take for it?" "D'ye think I mean to sell my crest? Why, you might as well ask me to sell my name." "Why, you see a good many folks have seen it, and want to have it on their harness, as it's a pretty-looking concern enough."

The effect of orders and decorations upon the human mind is not supposed to be generally wholesome. If they were always given as a reward for virtue or for valour, this would doubtless not be the case; but, as matters stand, they are too often made an object of intrigue and even of purchase. A famous poet tells of another that his apostasy from Liberal principles was caused by an order—not a post-office order, though *that* seems to have been thrown in—

Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
Just for a riband to stick in his coat.

From that moment the pervert was done for, and went in for other orders, his appetite growing by what it fed on. The weakness is akin to the passion for titles—

E'en Irish names, could he but tag 'em  
With Lord and Duke, 'twere sweet to call;  
And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggem  
Were better than no Lord at all.

If we can't get V.C.s we must put up with Masonic orders. For my part, knowing their fatal influence, I am thankful that what in a momentary feeling of disappointment I may have called an ungrateful country has never bestowed on me anything of this nature. A perforated and emblazoned piece of cardboard, twined with blue silk, given to me at the age of eight when I was at a girls' school, in testimony of good conduct, was the only public decoration I ever received. I cannot trace any bad effect to it, but that great evil even in extreme youth may result from such cordons has been of late strangely exemplified. A French boy of ten years old saved a playmate from drowning, and was

rewarded with a medal. From that moment he was a lost lad. He became a riparian, never happy away from the banks of some river, not fishing, but looking out for drowning people. Not finding them he imagined them, and plunged in with all his clothes on half-a-dozen times a day. His family, tired of nursing him for colds, have placed him in a lunatic asylum, where, "by the side of the plunge-bath, he sits for hours cuddling his medal."

It is only right that in a country where men can jump higher and stay up longer, and dive deeper and come up dryer, than in any other, there should be more infant phenomena than elsewhere. Some time ago the United States produced a boy preacher—he must be a fifteen-year theologian by this time—who moved whole congregations by his eloquence, and now it boasts of a child surgeon who has all the bones of the human body, or the scientific appellations of them, at his finger-ends. At an age when his contemporaries were wild to see a pantomime, he yearned for the operation-room, which he attended regularly with his father, who was also a medical man. While watching a beautiful case of abscess of the liver, his view was impeded by some elder student. "Papa," said Master Gwin, "please ask that gentleman to move. I can't see what the doctor's doing." This delightful child is not only indeed of great promise, but can with difficulty be kept from performance. Instead of a pocket-knife with ten blades and a stone-picker, he doats on a scalpel, "which he already wields as deftly as any surgeon," though upon what subject we are not informed. It strikes one that it would have been safer as well as more convenient if his genius had taken a medicinal direction; he could then have diagnosed his brothers and sisters for their infant ailments, and triumphantly have cured himself of the chicken-pox, without any temptation to trepan the baby. As matters stand, though he "frequently goes with his father when called to attend persons mangled by the electric railways in New Orleans, and exhibits a boy's keen interest in the proceedings," he has no experience as a general practitioner. One hardly sees what practical advantage can be derived from his talents till he goes to school—at present he is only five years old—when he might be utilised for football concussions and gymnasium accidents. In the meantime, if there is an Anti-Vivisection Society in New Orleans, it should keep its eye on him.

Quiet people who are not "beggars to argue" and don't want a row have long given in to dog-stories. They listen to the most amazing tales of their intelligence, and smile with "alien lips" but perfect politeness. Life is too short to quarrel over the question whether a dog sent in a hamper by railway from Scotland to London returned by road all by himself or not; they are content to quote Dr. Johnson's view that if he did, it was not a wise thing to do. But there comes a time when the silence that gives consent is cowardice. Just as the conciliation of a bully always excites him to worse conduct, so credulity, or the pretence of it, encourages the long-bowman. Having swallowed the locomotive dog, we are now presented with the travelling cat. I have not a word to say against the feline race, whose qualities I immensely admire. They have in reality much more intelligence than dogs; what they do, I admit, is neither for man nor woman, but for themselves. If they are beaten, they do not lick the hand that corrects them, but if they can get at it, the contrary; while in that sort of affection that is called "cupboard love" they show a high degree of civilisation. Still, as a traveller the cat has never been distinguished. The family may go to the seaside, or abroad, but it stirs not within her the slightest wish to accompany them; she contemptuously murmurs "Let 'em," and closing her green eyes, basks in the sun, or on the rug before the fire, till they come back again. It is true that the poet sings, "The true leal cat, when let out of the bag, flies precipitately home," but the bag is obviously not far away. It is not a postman's bag out of which she arrives somewhere a hundred miles off, and at once begins to retrace her steps. Yet that is what I believe, for the first time, we are now asked to believe. "A Newbury cat was sent as a present to someone at Kidderminster on Aug. 9; left on the third day, and returned to Newbury on Christmas Eve, having accomplished 140 miles upon an unknown road." What one is astonished at in this account is its moderation as to speed. The cat certainly did not fly "precipitately home," but took easy stages, and slept a good deal, one would think, on the way, thus averaging about a mile a day. One knows not, however, what may have been the causes of delay; what wicked boys she may have met, what hostile dogs, what too attractive toms. I have nothing to say against the veracity of the reporter of this anecdote, but that there has been a mistake somewhere I feel certain. I protest against that story of the travelling cat. Once give credence to it and you open the floodgates: there will be the tortoise and the tame rabbit and the hedgehog returning home from long distances on all the roads, whereas at present they are only met with in fables and allegories, and I hope they will stop there. With the jumping cat a good many people are compelled to make friends, but we may still decline the acquaintance of the travelling cat.

What has been not very respectfully called the Kailyard school of novelists has received a severe reproof from what may be termed experts in their dialect, the Scottish

Text Society—a very different matter from the piteous wailings of the Southron in connection with that infliction. I have long pointed out, though hitherto without the slightest recognition, that no man ever writes in dialect who is not found fault with by his neighbours (whether literary or otherwise) for so doing. The book may be a good book, they say, "so far as they know" (a phrase of doubtful compliment), but as for the language in which it is written, it has no existence; they have lived within a mile of the writer, but have never heard it spoken, and should not have understood it if they had. It is amazing how, with this universal testimony against them, novelists should continue to write in local dialect. It is possible they think there is something humorous in it, such as is, unhappily, supposed to belong to the negro tongue, but this is an error. It has, however, a certain popularity similar to that which the dead languages possess with those who have a superficial acquaintance with them: the intelligence of the reader is flattered at obtaining glimpses of its meaning, and they are willing to think that there is more behind. In addition to the undoubted merit of a Kailyard novel, there is, therefore, a flavour of information in it, a sense that one has learnt something, though it may not be of much consequence—which is, indeed, the secret of success of some other novels of a more "stodgy" kind. But the real masters of the dialect, the men who publish books upon it, which presumably have not the same vogue as the Kailyard novels, have now risen in their wrath against them and denounced the dialect of modern Scotch fiction as "gutter Scotch." If they are right, here is a pretty state of things! Attracted by the genius of these story-tellers we have forgiven them their terrible language, and even, with the help of a glossary, acquired some of it for ourselves, under the impression that we were improving our minds; and now, it seems, we have been only learning gutter Scotch—no, gutter Scotch! I really think we ought to have some of our money back.

Immense excitement appears to have been produced in mediæval or still more mature circles by the fact that during the past year no fewer than fifteen persons are recorded to have died between a hundred and a hundred and ten. This is supposed to be a most cheering circumstance, as the number (fifteen) is the largest on record, and it is argued inferentially that in process of time there will be "as good a chance of living to a hundred and thirty as our fathers had of completing the century." Not a word is said about this increased longevity being accompanied by increased vigour either of body or mind; senile decay seems to have been not even postponed, but only prolonged. Moreover, it is quite remarkable how large a proportion of these patriarchs end their days in the work-house. In some cases they are so fortunate—or, perhaps, unfortunate—as to retain their faculties, but always in a very damaged condition. Their memory is occasionally very distinct. One old lady, who was grown up when Waterloo was fought, recollected even the infantine diseases she had suffered from, but "nothing of a public character." If these are the attributes of extreme longevity, how foolish it is to hope for it! What makes age, "the withered clinger," desire to extend such a present when it has been attained, is contemptible enough; but how persons, still some distance away from it, can look forward to such "an extension of leave" with satisfaction is truly amazing. Though wholly without interest in themselves, there are, however, some curious facts about these fifteen whom the carrier Death had apparently forgotten to call for on his usual rounds. No fewer than eleven of them were women, which is contrary to the ordinary statistics; for though male children die more frequently than female, when man once gets into his stride he is supposed to last longer. Another remarkable circumstance is that of the men a soldier was the longest-lived. This hardly shows, indeed, that Mr. Thomas Atkins leads a wholesome existence, but rather that certain constitutions (like the British) can survive things which make an end of others.

In the interesting Autobiography of Philip Gilbert Hamerton there is a curious account of Scott's appetite, or, rather, his "drinkitite," given by Leslie, the painter, who knew him: "At dinner he would eat heartily of many dishes and drink a variety of wines. At dessert he drank port, and last of all a servant brought him a small wooden bowl full of neat whisky, which he drank off. He then either wrote or talked till midnight, and refreshed himself with a few glasses of porter before going to bed." Leslie does not mean to imply that Scott was intemperate, but only what he calls a "high liver." Hamerton observes that it is remarkable how often eating and drinking are described in Scott's novels, and what healthy appetites his heroes and heroines have; but it would be strange if, with such habits in his own case, it were otherwise. One often hears Dickens found fault with for giving too great prominence to creature comforts, but what Scott drank in a day would have satisfied him for a week. With the one these things were business, with the other stage business; indeed, I think Forster somewhere remarks that, though Dickens's marvellous vitality and earnestness about whatever he set his hands to do caused him to describe the making of a bowl of punch with infinite relish, he played but a poor part in the drinking of it.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## ROYAL VISIT TO LONGTON.

High festival prevailed throughout the town of Longton on Friday in last week, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their host and hostess, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and several of the house-party assembled at Trentham Hall in their honour, drove over for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of the new Sutherland Institute, which is to provide Longton with a commodious technical school and public library. The fact that the ceremony was to be performed with Masonic honours gave it a picturesque and individual character. A large pavilion had been temporarily erected on the scene of operations, and here the royal visitors were received by the Mayor of Longton. The Prince of Wales was already attended by the chief officers of the Order of Freemasons, who had met him in procession, and when the pavilion was reached, the Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire, Lord Dartmouth, as provincial Grand Master, presented the Prince of Wales with an illuminated address from the Masons of the provincial Grand Lodge of Staffordshire, offering to his Royal Highness a loyal welcome, which had especial reference to his official rank as Grand Master of the Freemasons. The Prince bowed his acknowledgments and entered the pavilion, whither the Princess had preceded him. When the lusty cheers of the several thousands of people assembled had died away, the Duke of Sutherland handed the title-deeds of the site of the new Institute to the Mayor, who formally requested the Prince of Wales to lay the foundation-stone. The interesting ritual prescribed by the Masonic rules for such occasions then proceeded. The Prince pronounced the address of dedication, and spread the cement with an ornate trowel handed to him by the Mayor, and when the stone had been lowered to its place, his Royal Highness, as Grand Master, proved its true position by due measurement, knocked it with a mallet, and then strewed corn and poured wine and oil over it. The ceremony ended with the blessing of the Grand Chaplain.

## CHOLERA ON A TROOP-SHIP.

Some alarm has been caused at Plymouth by the troop-ship *Nubia*, from India and Ceylon, arriving on Saturday morning, flying the yellow flag, with cholera on board, which had been fatal in five cases. The soldiers were detachments of the 1st Battalion of the North Lancashire Regiment, and had come aboard at Colombo, to the number of three hundred, with some women and children. There were three other passengers. The crew was composed partly of Lascars. After they had passed Malta one soldier was attacked by Asiatic cholera, and died in twenty-four hours. Sergeant Willshire and another became victims of the disease a week later; it was then made known that two of the Lascar seamen had died—on Dec. 20 and Dec. 27—while in the Indian Ocean. The infection must, therefore, have been brought from India, and the cholera was of a virulent Oriental type. When the facts were reported at Plymouth by the ship's surgeon, Dr. Williams, medical officer of health for the port, and Surgeon-Major-General Hamilton, Army Medical Officer for the Western Military District, visited the ship. The Local Government Board, having been informed by telegraph from Dr. Williams, sent down one of its Medical Inspectors, Dr. Bulstrode. Another soldier dying on Saturday night, his body was sewn up in a sheet and the ship on Sunday went some distance out to sea, where it was lowered into the deep. Having returned to moorings inside the breakwater, arrangements were made to remove the sick patients to the hospital-ships *Maud* and *Pique*, and to a special hospital on shore. The private passengers, being apparently in sound health, were allowed to land; the troops have been isolated in Fort Staddon; the ship, having been disinfected, proceeded to Gravesend.

## THE INDIAN FAMINE.

The Lord Mayor of London has opened a Mansion House public subscription fund, and has convened a City meeting there for Saturday, to obtain means of relief for the sufferers from famine, or scarcity and dearth of all kinds of grain, owing to the prolonged drought, in different regions of the Indian Empire. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, formerly Viceroy of India, have lent their aid to this movement of national charity. The distressing need has increased with alarming rapidity during the last two or three weeks, for the total number of people now supported by the Indian Government relief works in all the provinces and territories affected by this disaster has attained the large figure of 1,250,000. The prices of grain are slightly

declining in Bengal, and the spring crops are in good condition in Behar, Oude, the North-West Provinces, and the Central Provinces, where good rain has fallen; but they do not look well in the Bundelcund districts. In the Bombay Presidency more rain is urgently wanted. A public meeting was held at Calcutta on Thursday last, presided over by Lord Elgin, the Viceroy, to consider the measures that should be adopted to raise money by inviting subscriptions not only in India but also in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies, and in the United States of America; this fund to be administered by a central committee at Calcutta and by sub-committees all over India. Her Majesty has given £500 to the Mansion House Fund, which amounted on Tuesday to £28,000, and we hope will quickly be augmented to a sum proportionate to the urgent need of a population reckoned at eighty millions in the distressed provinces.

## THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

When Parliament reassembles on Tuesday next, the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne is to be moved in the House of Lords by the Marquis of Bath, who took his seat in the Upper House but last year on his succession to the title after the death of his father, the fourth Marquis. In the House of Commons the Marquis represented the Frome Division of Somersetshire for six years from 1886, and was re-elected in 1895. Lord Bath,

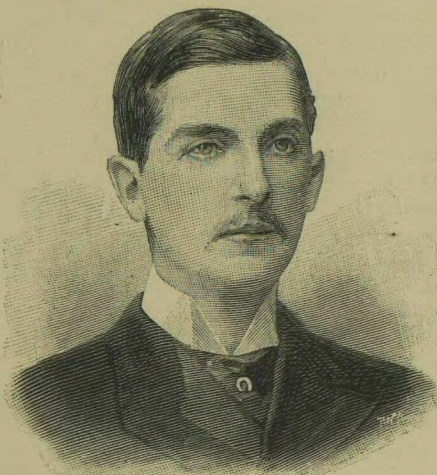


Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE MARQUIS OF BATH.



Photo Watery, Regent Street.

LORD KENYON.



Photo Lambert Weston, Folkestone.

VISCOUNT FOLKESTONE, M.P.



THE HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON, M.P.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS IN REPLY TO THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

who is now in his thirty-fifth year, is an old Etonian, a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford, and a captain in the Wilts Yeomanry. He was private secretary to Lord Idlesleigh when the latter was First Lord of the Treasury, and to Mr. Goschen as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is married to a daughter of Sir Charles Mordaunt, and has a son and two daughters.

Lord Kenyon, who seconds the Address in the Lords, is the fourth Baron, and succeeded his grandfather in the title when he was but five years old. That was in 1869, and the youthful peer was subsequently educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. He is a J.P. for the counties of Flint, Denbigh, and Shropshire, and a Captain in the Salop Yeomanry. He was a member of the Royal Commission on the Welsh Land question.

Viscount Folkestone, the proposer of the Address in the House of Commons, is the eldest son of the Earl of Radnor, and a nephew of Mr. Chaplin, to whom he has acted as private secretary. He is still under thirty, and bears the family Christian name of Jacob. From Harrow he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and has represented the Wilton Division of Wiltshire in the Conservative interest since 1892.

The seconder of the Address in the House of Commons, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, is well known as a cricketer, but is also a facile speaker who has more than once claimed attention at Westminster. A son of the fourth Lord Lyttelton and a nephew of Mr. Gladstone, he won celebrity early in life as captain of both the Eton and the Cambridge cricket elevens, and as tennis champion. After entering the legal profession, he "devilled" for Sir Henry James. He represents Warwick and Leamington as a Liberal Unionist.

## THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

With solemn pomp of stately ceremonial, the Most Reverend Father in God, Frederick Temple, was enthroned on Friday in last week as ninety-third successor to St. Augustine in the sacred office of Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England. Outside the western doors of the Cathedral was stationed a military guard of honour, drawn from the Canterbury dépôt, and representative of no less than twelve cavalry regiments, and within a square formed by this guard the new Archbishop, who passed from the Deanery through the cloisters, met the gathering of lay and ecclesiastical dignitaries assembled to assist at the day's ceremony. The long procession then passed up the aisle of the Cathedral, which was thronged in every part. The bedesmen led the way, followed by the Mayor and Corporation of Canterbury and fourteen other Mayors of Kentish municipalities, with their attendant aldermen and the various insignia of their office. Then came the officers of the local garrison, followed, in turn, by a number of peers and members of the House of Commons, and the Lord Lieutenant of the county. After the long line of laymen came the still lengthier array of clergy, among whom were no fewer than eighteen Bishops; and then, preceded by the Archdeacon of Canterbury and followed by his chaplains and officers, walked the new Archbishop between the Dean and Vice-Dean, the golden cross of the Primacy being borne immediately in front of him. The first part of the procession entered to the strains of the Priests' March from "Athalia," but, when the choir and clergy were midway up the aisle, the organ gave place to the unaccompanied chanting of verses from the psalm "Blessed be the Lord, my strength."

Unhappily, the scene of solemn beauty was marred by one incident of a painful character. As the Archbishop approached the steps which lead to the choir an elderly layman, who had taken up a prominent position, stepped forward, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "Dr. Frederick Temple, I protest. The whole of this ceremony is a fraud." It was subsequently ascertained that the protest raised was against the accustomed method of election to the Archbishopric, on the ground that the power of the Dean and Chapter to "elect" is made a "false" formality by the communication of the new Primate's name to them by the Government. The brawler was quickly and quietly removed from the Cathedral by the bedesmen, and the service proceeded. The Archbishop took his seat in the Archdeacon's stall beside the throne, while the Archdeacon (the Bishop of Dover) received from the Vicar-General the mandate for the enthronement. This mandate having been read aloud by a notary, the Archdeacon conducted Dr. Temple into the Archiepiscopal Throne, and made formal pronouncement in Latin of his installation as Bishop of the diocese.

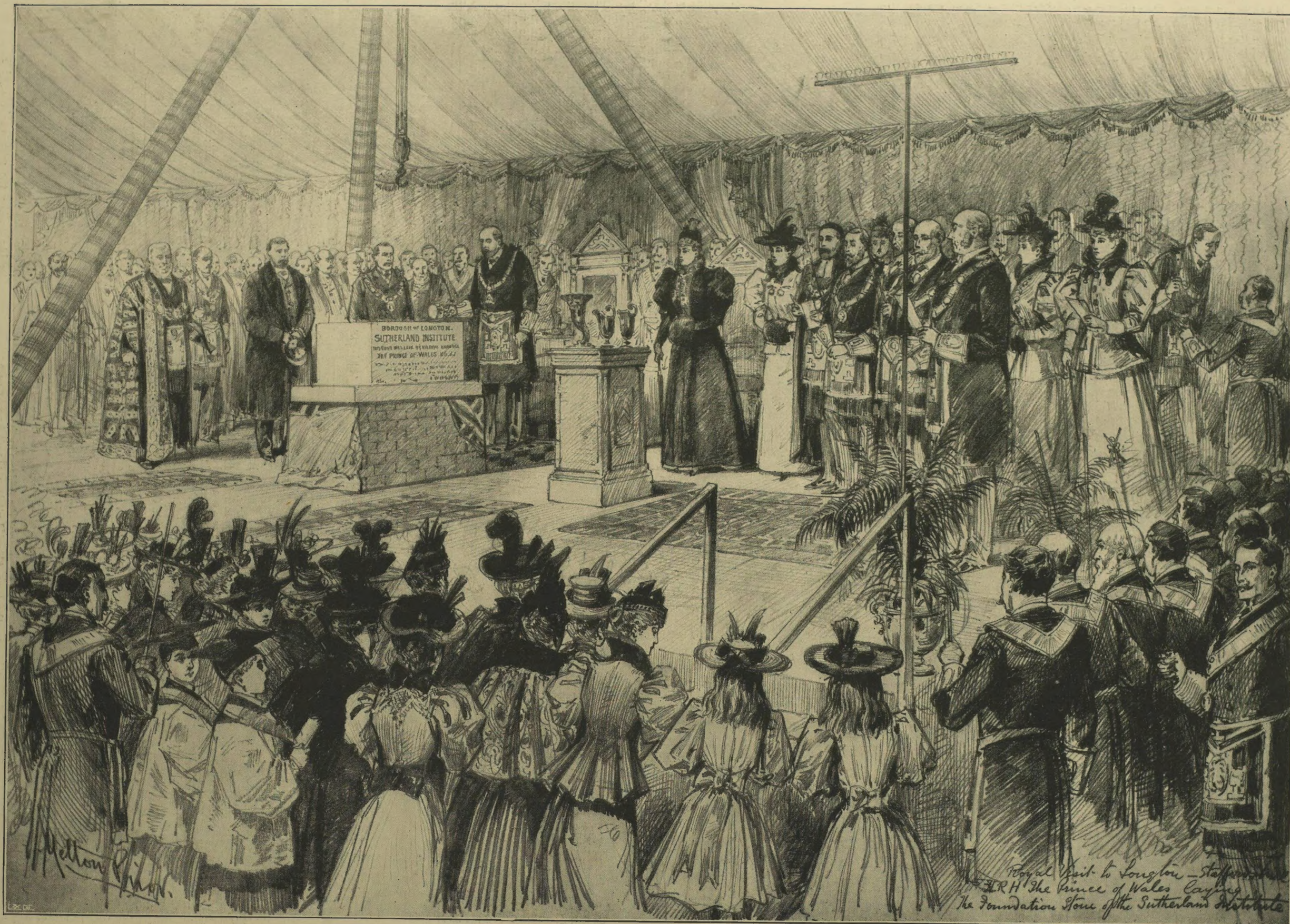
The ordinary service of Morning Prayer followed, after which the new Archbishop was escorted by the Chapter to the Marble Chair of St. Augustine behind the choir, where he was enthroned with similar ceremony as Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England. On his return to the choir, Dr. Temple was in like manner confirmed as Prior of the Cathedral by the Archdeacon, who once more made him "both stand and sit," as the ritual of the occasion directs in each of the series of installations, within the Dean's Stall. Then, after the "Te Deum" had been sung, the Archbishop himself read the Versicles and Collect prescribed by the rubric, and gave the Benediction. Thus the service ended, and the procession passed out again; but the new Primate had still to take his seat in the Chapter-House, and, when that ceremony was accomplished, he received the formal promise of obedience from all the Cathedral clergy. And so the throne of St. Augustine was once more occupied.

## THE IRISH BOG SLIDE.

The continuance of stormy weather has made the work of search for the bodies of the victims of the recent bog slide at Killarney peculiarly difficult, and close on a hundred men have been engaged in the labour with very little result. There has not been any further movement of the bog sufficient to occasion alarm. The distress caused by the disaster is very acute, and is likely to be sadly lasting in its duration, owing to the ruin of the crops by the widespread deposit of mud. The relief fund has grown considerably during the past week, Lord Kenmare alone having contributed two hundred pounds.

We give a page of Illustrations drawn on the spot by our Special Artist. Most of these are sufficiently explained in their titles, but it may here be added that one of them, No. 6, faithfully shows the height to which the bog rose around the house; while stretching right across from this spot to the hills in the background is to be seen the waste of bog, risen at many points to a height of thirty feet.





THE ROYAL VISIT TO LONGTON: THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE SUTHERLAND INSTITUTE.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



# THE REVOLT IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

At the present moment we are watching the struggle for freedom on the part of Spain's two most important colonies. Both, to the average English mind, are associated with tobacco. Something is known of Cuba, but our ideas of the Philippines are chiefly confined to Manila hemp and Manila cigars.

"The Pearl of the Orient," as the Spaniards call this group of islands, is set far in a foreign sea, peopled by a branch of the Malay family—a peaceable and gentle race, who toil that others may grow rich. The total number of these islands is unknown, but it is believed to be not less than 1400, having an area of at least 110,000 square miles, and a population estimated at nearly 10,000,000. English enterprise (which in this case happens to be mostly Scotch) holds nearly all the export commerce; but the Chinese and "Mestizos" (Chinese half-castes) have a practical monopoly of the retail trade; while over all, Spanish officialdom rules with a rod of iron. It is the old story; but the worm has turned at last. The islands have been for nearly three centuries nominally Spanish, but the Spanish element in the population is practically confined to the officials, military and civil.

The first glimpse of Manila, the chief town on the island of Luzon, and the capital of the Spanish possessions in the East, is disappointing. "Flat as a pancake," the great city stretches on both sides of the river Pasig and along the magnificent bay, which is perhaps the largest in the world. The city has a population of about 300,000, although between 1886-82 it lost nearly 100,000 by earthquake, cholera, and cyclones.

The country grows more beautiful as you travel further from the capital and nearer the mountains which tower in the distance, and where the scenery becomes grand in the extreme. Some of the smaller islands are exquisite, covered with verdure down to the edge of the bluest of seas. Much is still fresh ground, undiscovered and undisturbed, full of riches yet to be developed.



PHILIPPINE ABORIGINES.

Photo Miss H. Meldrum.

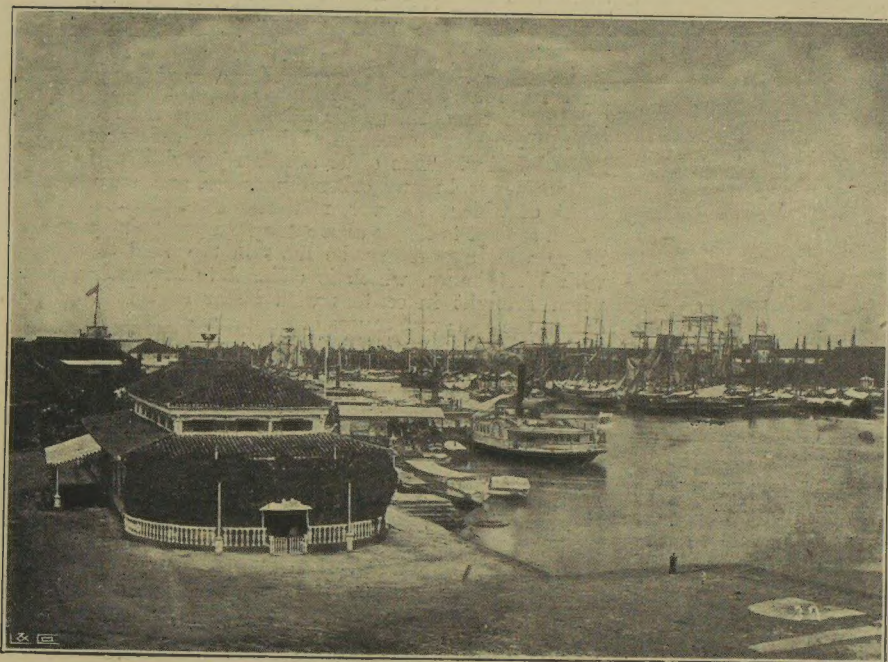


Photo Mr. D. Ireland.

VIEW OF THE RIVER PASIG AT MANILA.



Photo Mr. D. Ireland.

GATE LEADING WITHIN THE WALLS.



Photo Miss H. Meldrum.

VILLAGE OF SAN JUENTO.



TYPES OF THE NATIVE SOLDIERY.



## PERSONAL.

Professor Silvanus Thompson is much to be congratulated on the popular success which has attended his course

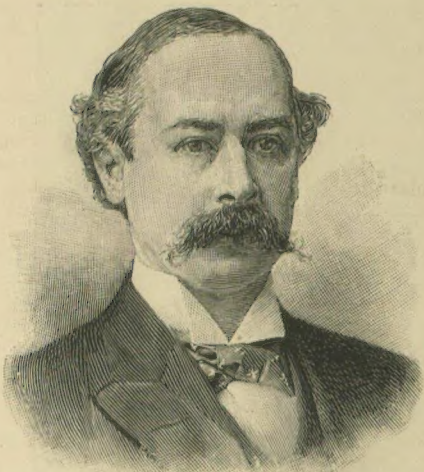


Photo Kiltick, Hampstead.

PROFESSOR SILVANUS THOMPSON.

of holiday lectures for young people at the Royal Institution. The interest taken in the whole series of his discourses on "Light, Visible and Invisible," by his audiences must have been highly gratifying to the lecturer, especially as the primary object of his scheme, the instruction of the young in matters scientific, was fulfilled by the attendance of a very large proportion of juvenile patrons among his hearers. Professor Thompson's instructive observations upon photography in colours and on the Röntgen rays, in the fourth and sixth of his lectures respectively, seemed to interest his youthful auditors particularly; but, indeed, the attention with which the lecturer was followed throughout proved the possibility of interesting the youthful mind by a lucid demonstration of scientific phenomena. Professor Thompson has had a good deal of experience as a lecturer. After distinguishing himself at London University he became Science Master at Bootham School, York, and went thence, just twenty years ago, to become Lecturer in Experimental Physics at University College, Bristol, where he was subsequently appointed Professor of Physics. In 1885 he was elected Principal of the City and Guilds Technical College at Finsbury, and Professor of Physics at the same institution. He is also Vice-President of the Physical Society of London, and has made sundry valuable contributions to the knowledge of his generation by his researches and by his various writings.

The free hand given by the Prince of Wales to all persons to celebrate in their own way the Record Reign will increase many local activities on behalf of charities. This is exactly as it should be. No single national scheme would have had universal support; and while the nurses are likely to be the chief benefited class, all other forms of charity seem to have promise of a helping hand. The Prince "feels assured that, in considering the various suggestions, due support will be given to works of mercy among the sick and suffering, and to anything which may tend to brighten the lives and ameliorate the condition of her Majesty's poorer subjects." A little while ago there seemed to be an attempt made to turn all the tide of giving into one channel—an attempt against which we made our protest; and it is satisfactory to find that the sentiments then expressed have now received the formal approval of the Prince of Wales.

Lord Llandaff, whom a newspaper appointed not long ago to the Embassy in Paris, is just starting for a stay in Egypt. It is a purely personal and private visit; but the interests attaching to Egypt are much in Lord Llandaff's mind, and any knowledge he now gains upon the spot may not be of use to him in an official capacity at some future time.

Whatever disappointment may be felt by certain sections of the public after each successive distribution of

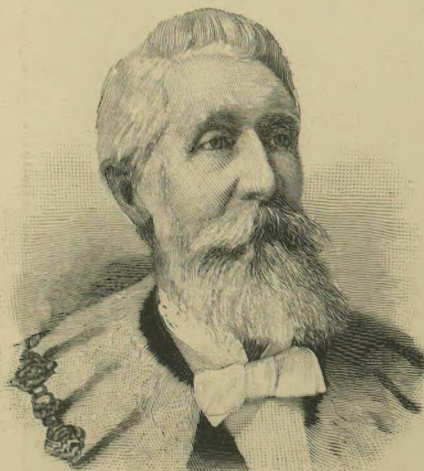


Photo Barnard, Capetown.

SIR JOHN WOODHEAD.

New Year or Queen's Birthday "Honours," because one man has been chosen and another left, there is never any difference of opinion as to the propriety with which titular distinctions are bestowed upon men who have served their country in her far distant colonies. The individual man may not always have made for himself a name to conjure with, but the public probably knows enough about the difficulties of his position to honour him for doing his duty by his Queen quietly but loyally. During the past twelve months, however, home-keeping Englishmen have learned enough about life in Cape Colony, and in South Africa generally, to inspire them with especial satisfaction over the bestowal of a knighthood on Mr. John Woodhead, formerly Mayor of Capetown, of the rank of C.B. on Mr. Conyngham Greene, permanent British representative at Pretoria, and of that of C.M.G. upon Mr. Henry Cloete, who, upon the retirement of Sir Jacobus de Wet, acted for a space as British Agent in the Transvaal. Sir John Woodhead, whose portrait is here given, was Mayor of Capetown throughout a period fraught with difficulty, and the discretion and courage which he showed

in moments of emergency and general alarm stood the Imperial Government in good stead on more than one occasion.

It is stated that Dunecht House, the Aberdeenshire seat of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, has been sold to a syndicate for the purpose of a great public school. The mansion is an enormous house for such a small estate, and, under the hands of Mr. George Edmund Street, became the finest sample of pure Gothic that the North of Scotland possesses. It was Street who built the famous chapel from a vault of which the embalmed body of the present Earl's father was mysteriously stolen sixteen years ago. Nothing so sensational has occurred in that part of the country during the century. Attention was called to the theft by the appearance of an advertisement, signed "Nabob," in the local papers. The services of police experts from all parts of the country were requisitioned, and a bloodhound was set to work. At last a rat-catcher named Soutar was arrested and convicted of the theft, although it has always been believed that several strong men must have helped him to remove the enormous slab that covered the vault. Soutar was condemned to five years' penal servitude. The body was found in an adjoining wood, where a stone was erected to mark the spot. The Lindsay family naturally sickened of the place and have never since resided there. Lord Crawford presented his unique observatory to the nation—it is now the basis of the establishment on Blackford Hill, Edinburgh—while his splendid library was transferred to Haigh Hall, Wigan.

The Solicitor-General for Canada, the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, is at present on a visit to London, in connection with important Privy Council cases affecting the Dominion.

Lord Russell of Killowen during his recent visit to Dublin was the guest of his brother-in-law, Sir John Gilbert, one of the New Year Irish Knights. Lord Russell married Miss Ellen Mulholland, and Sir John Gilbert her sister, Miss Rosa Mulholland—a name well known in the world of letters.

The appointment of Mr. E. C. Tennyson D'Eyncourt to be a Metropolitan police magistrate, in succession to Mr. Newton, forms a pleasant instance of the following of a son in his father's footsteps. For the new magistrate is a son of the popular Mr. Louis Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt, whose death was quite recently recorded in our columns. Mr. D'Eyncourt, who is now forty-one years of age, though he looks considerably younger, is a graduate of University College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1881. He joined the South-Eastern Circuit, and has since become well known at the Kent Sessions. He takes a keen interest in politics, and has for some time been secretary of the United Club.



Photo Barraud, Oxford Street.

MR. E. C. TENNYSON D'EYNCOURT.

The Queen has received one of her favourite visitors this week, for Lord Rowton has been to Osborne.

Many Englishmen—the late Lord Bowen was one of them—have for various reasons received their early education on the Continent; but now, the patriot may note with pleasure, the return compliment is beginning to be paid to England. At any rate, the people who rejoiced when they heard that the infant King of Spain had an English nurse may be equally proud to know that from Italy and Spain, of late years, an increasing number of youths have come to "the schoolmaster abroad" in England. Don Carlos, for instance, the most cosmopolitan of men, chose England for the education of his son, Don Jaime. English ideas have not, perhaps, gained a very deep hold on the youthful Prince, if, as is reported, he has threatened to shoot the artist who has eloped with his sister. On the other hand, as a set-off against the English nurse in the reigning family, this English education of the son of the Pretender must be considered a move that is almost a masterpiece in tactics. At any rate, it may serve the purposes of our national vanity.

Sir Joseph Lister, like Tennyson and Leighton, Wolseley and Roberts, and, indeed, nearly every man of personal mark, retains his name in taking his peerage. Lord Lister follows a very wise precedent, which is likely, indeed, to become a fixed rule. Lord Leighton, when asked by what title he would be called to the Upper House, at once replied, "I am a working man, and cannot afford to change my name, which is my trade-mark." The historian and the student of history must often have wished that such a rule had prevailed from the first; and there result, besides, many minor social confusions when the alteration in status is accompanied by an alteration of the patronymic. When, for instance, the late Sir James McGarel-Hogg, raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Magheramorne, first dined out with his new dignity, the footman, unable to master the sound, but refusing to be beaten, announced: "The late Sir James McGarel-Hogg."

Mr. George Sanger has been interviewed about the doing to death of Baker by the elephant "Charlie" last Sunday evening. Mr. Sanger, confessing to forty years' experience of elephants, says he has never during that time "known one elephant or a wild beast attack a keeper,

unless the man was cruel or the worse for drink." The United Kingdom Alliance may henceforth count on ranking the elephants as colleagues. But in this case the keeper was a sober man; and the various societies for the preservation of Sunday will no doubt have their theory as to "Charlie's" motives in making his deadly attack on his former keeper.

The latest Suffragan Bishop belongs to the diocese of Exeter. The Bishop having submitted two names to the Queen, her Majesty has been pleased to approve of Canon Trefusis as Suffragan Prelate with the title of Bishop of Crediton. The appointment is regarded with just favour in the diocese. He is an Oxford graduate, who has worked in Devonshire since 1867. Since Bishop Bickersteth made Mr. Trefusis a Residentiary Canon, the charge of foreign missionary work in that diocese has been in his care. This led to one of the Bishop-Designate's very infrequent appearances upon a London platform, for he was among the speakers at the great Anglican Missionary Conference of 1894. Of dignified bearing, pleasant manners, and wide sympathies, the new Suffragan is likely to work with great satisfaction to the diocese. The choice of Crediton as the town from which his title is taken is made possible under the Act of 1888. Under the original Act of Henry VIII. there was no town named nearer than St. Germans, Taunton, and Bridgwater—all now outside the Diocese of Exeter.



Photo Browning, Exeter.

CANON TREFUSIS.

Owing to the order made by the Home Secretary on Dec. 19, 1896, and issued in the *London Gazette* on the 22nd of that month, public attention has been drawn to the all-important question of the use of safety explosives in coal-mines. This order absolutely prohibits the use of gunpowder and many other explosives, and only permits eight, of which, however, restrictions are placed on three, which are apt to freeze above the freezing-point of water. There will, apparently, be little in the field to compete with Westphalite, which is claimed to be absolutely safe when brought in contact with either coal-dust or fire-damp, the two great causes of the terrible colliery disasters which from time to time bring misery to so many homes. Westphalite is said to have the great advantage of being the cheapest explosive of any strength in the market.

The members of the English Church who desired to show their appreciation of the services rendered by the Abbé Le Jeune to the dead of the *Drummond Castle* have done so in the way that was likely to give him the greatest pleasure. Through the French Ambassador they have sent to him a beautiful chalice, to be used henceforth on the Island of Molène.

We much regret that, owing to an oversight, the name of Messrs. F. Frith and Co., of Reigate, was not appended to our Illustrations of Bombay which were reproduced from their photographs in our last issue, or to the view of Dartmoor Prison, which we published the week before. We beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. Frith in both cases.

Some account of the shocking massacre of a British expedition in the West African city of Benin will be found on another page, but we here reproduce a portrait of Major P. W. G. Copland Crawford, one of the nine British officers as to whose fate the authorities have almost entirely abandoned hope. Major Crawford was appointed a Deputy-Commissioner and Vice-Consul

in the Niger Coast Protectorate some three years ago. In that capacity he was present at Wari when the Nana affray broke out, and was badly wounded in the leg when the launch of H.M.S. *Alceto* was fired upon by the native battery. On that occasion he behaved with conspicuous courage, and while in England on leave of absence was summoned to Windsor to be made a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order by her Majesty. He sailed for the Niger Protectorate again in November last. The murdered officer, who was a son of the late General Copland Crawford, of Sudbury Lodge, near Harrow, was forty years of age, and was a Major in the 7th Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles.



Photo Dickinson and Foster, New Bond Street.

MAJOR COPLAND CRAWFORD,  
Murdered in the Niger Protectorate.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, with the children of her Royal Highness, has had private guests. Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, came on Monday. Her Majesty held a Council on Friday last to settle the Royal Speech for Parliament.

The Prince of Wales returned to London from Trentham on Friday, Jan. 8; the Princess, with her daughter, went to Sandringham, taking leave of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, their host and hostess since the preceding Monday.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers was held at the Foreign Office on Tuesday.

Political speeches have been made in anticipation of the opening of Parliament on Tuesday, Jan. 19. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, on Saturday, at Salford and East Manchester, declared that Government would not propose rate-in-aid relief for religious denominational voluntary schools, and that there was no case for a readjustment of the burden of imperial taxation between England and Ireland. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking at Bristol on Jan. 7, said that he would have a fair surplus, and Government would make a considerable addition to the Navy. Mr. Leonard Courtney made two speeches to his constituents in Cornwall, and commended Lord Salisbury's conduct of foreign affairs. On the other side, Liberal party meetings have been addressed by Mr. Asquith at Dewsbury, and by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman at St. Andrews. Lord Russell of Killowen, at Dublin, has urged the claim of a Roman Catholic University for Ireland; while Lord Ashbourne, at Lancaster, said Ireland should receive the boon of a Department of Agriculture, and measures for the benefit of Irish trade.

County meetings were held on Monday in Wexford and Queen's County to demand for Ireland relief from alleged excessive taxation.

The United States Ambassador, the Hon. T. F. Bayard, entertained last week by the Article Club at a banquet, made another of his genial, friendly speeches in favour of mutual kindness between Great Britain, Canada, and the Great American Republic of kindred English race.

Three Colonial Government Agents or High Commissioners, Sir Charles Tupper for Canada, Sir R. G. W. Herbert and Mr. Duncan Gillies for Victoria and Tasmania, were guests of honour at a dinner of the St. George's Club in Hanover Square. Sir Charles Tupper gave strong assurances of Canadian loyalty and attachment to Great Britain.

A very satisfactory trial of the steaming at sea of the new cruiser, H.M.S. *Terrible*, sister to the *Powerful*, took place during the last three days of the week, between Plymouth Sound and the Scilly Islands. The ship attained a mean speed, in four hours, of 22.41 knots an hour, with 25,572 indicated horse-power, never yet equalled by a vessel of her size. Captain W. H. Fawkes commands her.

The trial for a libel on Earl Russell has resulted in a verdict of guilty against Lady Scott, his mother-in-law, and two other persons, who were sentenced by Mr. Justice Hawkins, on Friday, each to eight months' imprisonment; Lady Scott to be treated as a first-class misdemeanant.

Floods have prevailed for some days in the valley of the Thames, along the Lea, in Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, the Fen country, and other parts of England.

The annual Conference of the Miners' Federation, held at Leicester, has passed resolutions urging the Trade Union Committees to push forward an Employers' Liability Bill, without any contracting-out clause, in the coming Session, and in favour also of an Eight Hours Labour Bill for miners.

Amongst the doings at Hawarden on Mrs. Gladstone's birthday, a portrait of the new Armenian Patriarch, subscribed for by Armenians residing in India and in the Straits Settlements, was presented to the right honourable gentleman, and an "Armenian memorial window," containing stained-glass figures of St. Bartholomew and "St. Gregory the Illuminator," was uncovered in Hawarden Church.

The German Emperor, with the imperial family, returned to Berlin on Monday.

The French Senate and Chamber of Deputies reassembled on Tuesday.

The Emperor of Austria, at Vienna, on Monday, received Sir Horace Rumbold, the new British Ambassador to that Court.

Count Muravieff, Russian Ambassador at Copenhagen, is to be the new Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The Ambassadors at Constantinople are considering proposals to be made to the Sultan for the reform of his administration with reference to the increasing discontent of his Mohammedan subjects. The Sultan declares that all the Armenians imprisoned for political offences, or the suspicion of them, have been released. A local revolt of Albanians at El Bassan, against the Turkish Governor, causes fresh alarm; troops are sent from Monastir to put it down.

The General Treaty of Arbitration between the British Government and that of the United States of America was signed at Washington on Monday by Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, and by Mr. Olney, the Secretary of State, on behalf of President Grover Cleveland, who has sent it to the Senate for confirmation. The treaty concerning the settlement of the Venezuela frontier dispute, which does not require to be confirmed by the Senate of the United States, has also been signed, referring the question to arbitrators, one of whom is to be an American citizen, designated by Venezuela and appointed by the United States Government. The dispute concerning Alaska will be arranged by a separate negotiation. All or any other disputes in future are to be disposed of by an Arbitration Court, the constitution of which is prescribed by the General Treaty of Arbitration. In certain

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SORROWS OF SATAN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

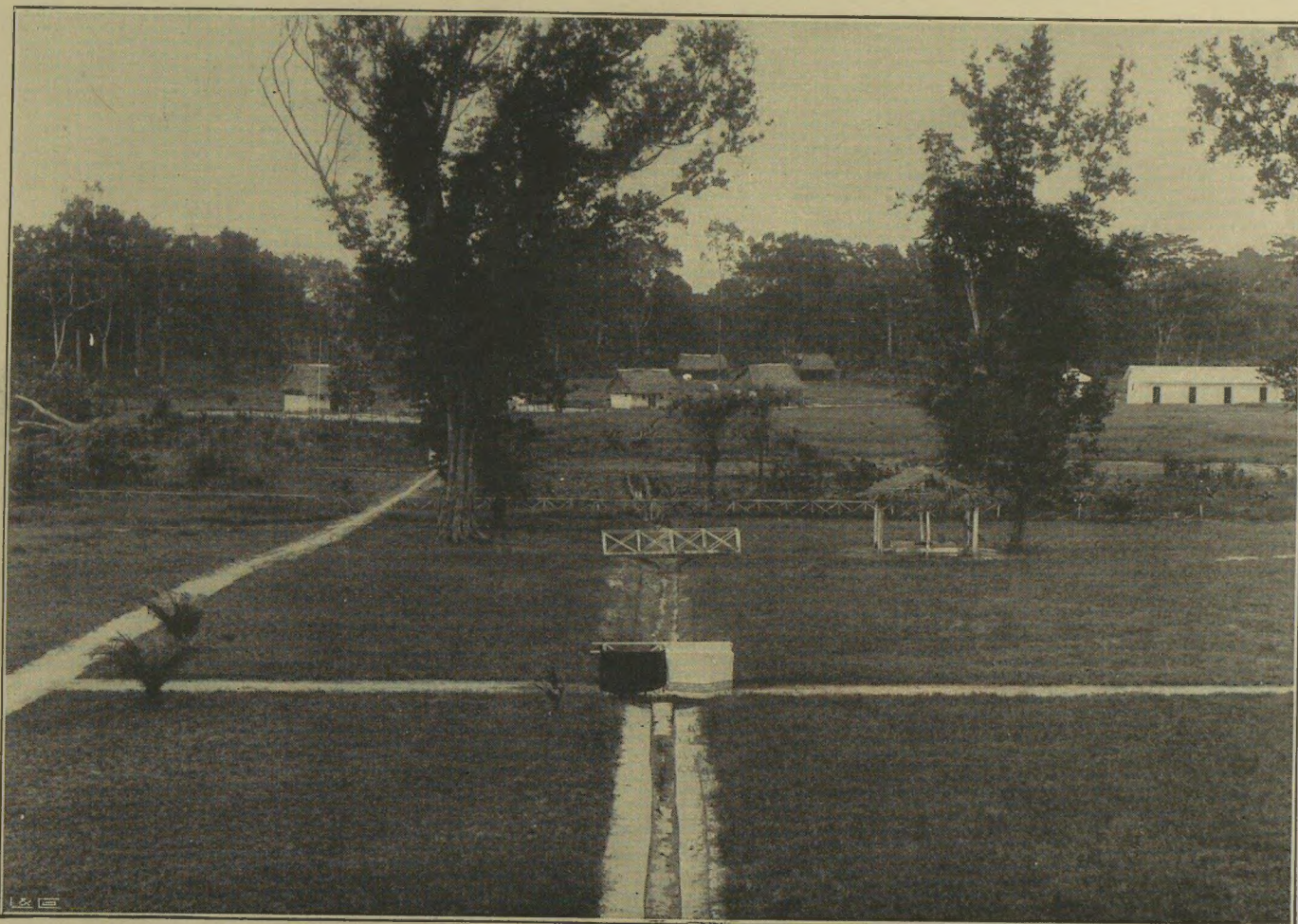
Miss Marie Corelli's romance, "The Sorrows of Satan," is nothing if not symbolic; and when Lady Sybil, in the adaptation of the novel by Mr. Herbert Woodgate and Paul M. Berton, produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre on Jan. 9, stalked on to the scene in a very low-cut gown of primary green, the colour at once struck you as the symbol of the crude character of the story and its philosophy. The note of "The Sorrows of Satan" is its appalling pretentiousness. To personify the devil, one must be philosophic, one must be a poet—after the great exemplars. Miss Corelli is neither. She has penned an indictment of the drawing-room as viewed from the area railings, an attitude—like Lady Sybil's garish gown—which belongs to the cheap fiction of the early Victorian era. The sole novelty of the situation is the recrudescence of the obsolete in the literature of to-day. The characters have all been taken from the property lumber-room, carefully dusted, patched and painted, and wound up for an age that must have motor-cars. It was like meeting old forgotten friends to see the splendid mysterious Prince, in his "immensikoff" and white gloves. The ruined earl and his haughty daughter, paraded amid cheap sneers at the peerage, are lay figures. The idiotic Duke of Launceston, with his intoxicated hiccup, belongs to the realm of farce. The nice, gentle, good little Mavis Clare, authoress, is the sister of Paul's Virginia; Diana Chesney, "from Washington, U.S.A.," was possible enough in the guise of Lalage Potts, who supported Mr. Arthur Roberts in "Gentleman Joe"; but in real life she is a plain insult to our kindred in America. If "The

Sorrows of Satan" were not so grotesque and banal, it would be blasphemous. As it is, the play is cheap and tawdry, and it was acted in such-like spirit. Mr. Lewis Waller, beautifully tailored, with arms folded, and with a knowing gurgle of a laugh, dodged about the stage like a pantomime demon. As the prostituted genius, Mr. Yorke Stephens sidled through his part without conviction; Miss Granville tried to believe in Lady Sybil—and failed; and Miss Brinsley Sheridan preached at the Prince and the peer's daughter with amusing priggishness. But the audience was delighted, and cheered itself hoarse, the culminating point of its ecstasy coming when the Prince, tricked out in shining armour, watched from beneath a crimson halo poor Tempest buffeting with the dark blue canvas waves which had

quenched "The Flame." If there were just a little more of the last scene, "The Sorrows of Satan" would make a capital farce.

"A PIERROT'S LIFE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

The new musical pantomime now being performed every afternoon at the Prince of Wales's Theatre had quite a brilliant *première* at that house. Not often is a London audience so enthusiastic as that which gave so hearty a welcome to "A Pierrot's Life." It was at the Prince of Wales's, by the way, that "L'Enfant Prodigue" had so long and well deserved a run. In the story invented and cleverly wrought out by M. Fernand Beissier, we see Pierrot first as a bashful lover, made successful in his wooing of the pretty milliner, Louise, only by the shrewd counsels of his good-hearted neighbour, Pochinet, the publican. He comes before us next as the good-for-nothing husband, lured into libertinage and extravagance by his enemy, Julot, who had been his rival for Louise's hand. Lastly, after the supposed interval of a few years, he reappears as a strolling musician, in rags and starving, playing for money before Pochinet's door. Then Pochinet once more comes to the rescue: Pierrot is succoured, prays to Louise for forgiveness, and is repulsed, being ultimately reunited to her through the silent but effective pleading of their child. As a whole, the interpretation is excellent, and in one case—that of Signor Egidio Rossi, the Pochinet—exceptionally clever. Signor Rossi has all the Italian expressiveness and sense of humour; his pantomime is remarkably illuminating. Madame Ety is a very intelligent Louise. The music, by M. Mario Costa, is full alike of melody and ingenuity. If the score has less finesse and charm than that of "L'Enfant Prodigue," it is probably because the action of the piece is more rapid and varied, calling for more frequent changes of tone-painting and tempo. Broadly speaking, M. Costa's work is tuneful and dramatic, and every justice is done to it by Mr. Byng and his orchestra.



THE MASSACRE IN THE NIGER PROTECTORATE: THE VICE-CONSULATE AT WARI.

Photo J. A. Green, Donny.

contingencies, an umpire is to be nominated by the King of Sweden and Norway. It may fairly be expected that if this agreement be concluded by the assent of the United States Senate it will henceforth prevent any sudden alarms or threats of war between England and America, or such deplorable excitement of national feelings as that which arose a twelvemonth ago.

## MASSACRE OF ENGLISHMEN AT BENIN.

On the West Coast of Africa, at Benin, in the territory of the Niger Coast Protectorate (not that of the Royal Niger Company), a party of British officials, with Mr. Phillips, Acting Consul-General; Major P. W. G. Copland Crawford, Captain A. M. Boisragon, Captain A. I. Maling, Dr. R. H. Elliott, Messrs. R. F. Locke and K. C. Campbell, and two traders, Mr. Powis and Mr. Gordon, have been captured by a hostile chief, and have been massacred at the native town of Benin, sixty miles up the river.

The Niger Coast or "Oil Rivers" Protectorate, which was formed in 1884 by treaties with several native chiefs negotiated by Consul Hewett, extends a length of 330 miles from the Benin River to the Rio del Rey, in the Bight of Benin, where the low shore is intersected by a number of creeks and branches of the main river; but the land rises in the interior to an elevation of 2500 feet. The coast tribes are of the Jakri race, and carry on trade, especially in palm oil, with Lagos and other British colonies or mercantile settlements; but those dwelling inland are utterly barbarous. The native town of Benin, situated on the Gwato Creek, and surrounded by forests, is ruled by one Dvunami, reputed to be of a fierce and cruel disposition; but the Ju-ju fetish priests or sorcerers have the greatest power in Benin. Human sacrifices are there even more frequent than in Ashanti or Dahomey before European intervention. We present a view of the station at Wari, on the Forcados river, halfway between Benin and the Niger.





CHOLERA ON BOARD A TROOP-SHIP AT PLYMOUTH: THE "NUBIA" GOING OUT TO SEA AT NIGHT FOR THE FUNERAL OF A VICTIM.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.*



# A FOUNTAIN SEALED

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. BURGESS.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE WICKED WORLD.

Then did my cousin address herself very seriously to the task of making me observe, and imitate, the fashions of the world. And I have to relate how what was begun only as an experiment or a medicine proved in the end to be a

necessary condition of life: in other words, how it became impossible for me to go back to my old way of life.

First, because this meant one's outward appearance, we engaged upon the subject of dress. To me there had been hitherto but two

colours (except those with which Nature had endowed the flowers)—namely, grey and drab: the men dressed in the latter, the women mostly in the former. Yet colour, and the discrimination of colour, came to me as by instinct. And as for fashions—for the shape of a mantle or a sash or a hat; for stuffs of silk or satin; brocade or velvet; for ribbons, laces, gloves, embroidery, and such gear, it was wonderful in the eyes of my instructress to mark the rapid progress which I made. Yet I ventured sometimes—not every day—more feebly to protest against giving to these things the whole attention of a woman.

"Why, Nancy," said my cousin laughing, "what is the use of fine clothes? They set off and adorn a fine woman. And why should a fine woman set off and adorn her person? To attract the men, my dear. And why should she wish to attract the men? In order to gain power and have her own way. The men believe they rule the world. Not so. The women rule the men, who rule the world."

One need not believe all the idle nonsense talked by Isabel in her light and careless way, which, to one like myself, was wonderful. Yet there is (for a woman) a happiness (I know not why) in the mere putting on things that are beautiful and becoming; and not only in wearing, but in choosing them out of other things beautiful and becoming, such as flowered silks, point lace, and the like. If clothes were invented only for warmth, a blanket and a leathern girdle would be enough. If they were invented to show the figure—but why should we wish to show the figure?—then hoops, head-dresses, sleeves, and many other things would have to be discarded. The figure has nothing to do with the fashions: if one were shaped like a pig the fashions might continue. If the figure alone were concerned the fashions would never change. But all human creatures love change; therefore the fashions change: and all women, if they can afford to buy them, delight in stuffs beautiful to look at and soft to handle.

In a word, I proved in this respect an apt pupil, and speedily learned almost as much as my cousin could teach me. And after a week or two you might have seen me, who had been clad in plain Quakers' grey all my life, now sitting in the shops of Ludgate Hill or Cheap, while the complaisant draper and his patient apprentices brought out their choicest fabrics, such as they do not use to in the windows, and learnedly discoursed for our instruction upon the newest fashions and their changes.

Another point was the manner of speech. It would seem easy to change from "thee" to "thou" or "you" when one is not familiar, or to say "yes" and "no" instead of "yea" and "nay"; yet I confess that it cost me a great deal of practice

before I spoke easily in the way of the world. Happily, a woman is not called upon to use the oaths and appeals to the Deity which are commonly the custom with men: thus I had nothing to learn except (which I did never learn) such familiarity with these words as might make them fall unnoticed on my ears.

My cousin was anxious on the score of an easy or a graceful carriage. It must be owned that the Quakers in this respect are greatly to seek: yet among them the stiffness of their carriage lends to those who are advanced in years a certain dignity. It is of the younger men and women that one would complain. I think, for instance, with a kind of shame of my brother Joseph, who moved and stood as if he was of a verity made of wood and jointed like a puppet. "My dear," said Isabel, "at Dartford one could hear the joints creak."

For the sake of grace I must needs learn dancing. "There is nothing," said my cousin, "that so takes the stiffness out of the limbs. The Society of Friends would make a woman believe that she hath no limbs and is nothing but a head on a grey frock. I should like, my dear, to give you a wooden hoop and make you run in the Park every day—but it is a censorious world. We will learn to dance."

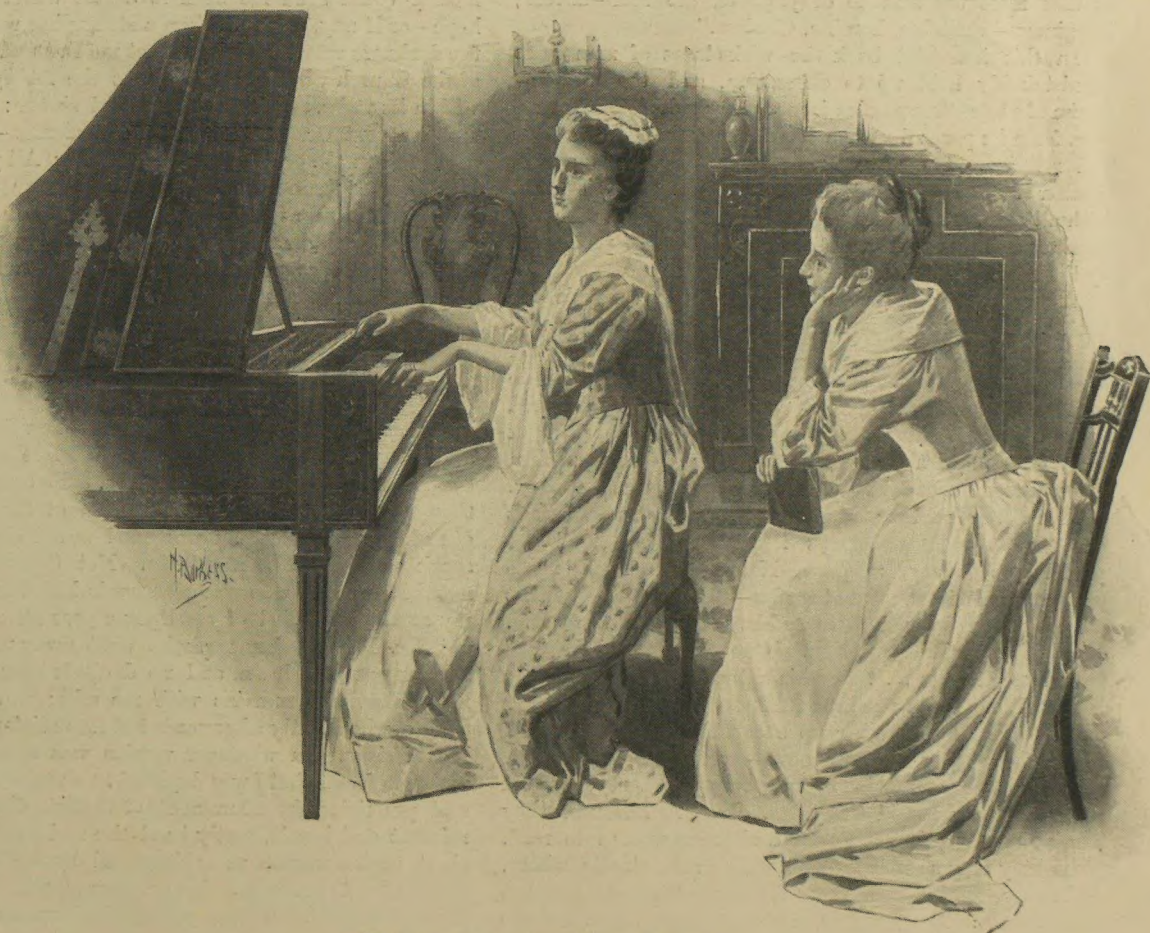
By this time I was quite ready to accept without question whatever regimen might be prescribed for me. Nor did I stop to inquire or to consider what would be my brother's wrath should he discover that I had learned to dance. To dance! Was there anything which filled the heart of the Quaker with greater horror than the spectacle of young men and maidens dancing—hand in hand—round the ring—setting to each other, beating time with their feet: with curtsies and inclinations: singing as they danced? All they knew was the rude, coarse wake and village dance, not the courtly, graceful, stately dance that my cousin taught me.

One who has been cut off from the innocent pleasures of the world may well become, in a manner, intoxicated with them when they are at length placed within her reach. I became greedy of everything, and of dancing among the

rest. The movement of the body in harmony with the music: the expression by the limbs of what music meant: the interpretation of courtesy, respect, reverence, affection, gracefulness by corresponding gestures and steps, was a thing to me so wholly unexpected and so new that I could not but ask for more.

I learned, as well, to laugh. Yes: strange to say, the power of laughing came to me unsolicited and untaught. I cannot tell you when first I laughed, or why. I learned to laugh, as a duckling learns to swim, by observing others laugh. When one begins to laugh, one finds a thousand things to laugh at: unexpected turns: the astonishment of someone: something said *mal-à-propos*; something said unwarily: the accidental discovery of a little secret. The difficulty is to find out, not why one should laugh, but why one did not always laugh. If we laughed when Molly tripped on the carpet and fell down with the dish of sausages, why did not my brother Joseph laugh when a similar accident happened at his table? I only note this trifling point because I desire you to understand the great and wonderful transformation which my cousin brought about.

I have said that my cousin's rooms were covered with pictures, upon which I gazed with a pleasure always new. Most of these pictures are now hanging on the walls of my



While my cousin played I sat beside her.

own house: yet, after so many years, the sight of them still affords delight to me, and in each one I discover always some fresh beauty. In some of them there are spiritual heights which are discovered by long contemplation, when the soul is lifted to the level of the picture. It seems to me, thinking over all that I have read and seen and experienced, that there are times when the painter or the poet describes or paints things far beyond his own reach of mind: there is, for instance, a divinity, sometimes, in the



face of Virgin or Saint as represented in certain pictures which the painter himself could never perceive or portray. Therefore I say that the soul must be lifted to the level of such a picture before it can convey its message. Why, then, have my former friends forbidden paintings? Because, I suppose, the founder of the sect was too ignorant to know what a picture is, or what high thoughts may be suggested by a picture.

Not only did my cousin possess these pictures in frames fitted to the panels of her wainscoting, but she had also portfolios full of prints and engravings, some of them most exquisite; some, it is true, of the earth, earthy (which one could pass over). In addition she could herself draw very dexterously in pencil outline, which she would afterwards fill in with colour. Her genius lay in drawing figures: thus she drew the soldiers marching out of St. James's Palace: the fine ladies in the Park: the beaux attending them: the divine and the lawyer: and the people in the street—the men and women who walk all day long about every street carrying everything that a house can want and bawling their wares at the top of the voice. Here are her drawings before me. I remember every one: the band-box man with his handboxes of every shape and every colour, the man covered up and almost hidden by his pile of baskets; the man who offered to mend your bellows, the man who sold brickdust, the woman with the cats'-meat, the girl who would mend your rush-bottomed chair, the man with the brooms, the knife-terror, the lavender-girl, the boy with the matches, the old-clothes man, the Turk who sold the slippers, the sandman, the strawberry-girl, and the sweep. They are all before me, drawn to the life. Why should these things be forbidden? What sinful emotion is excited in the mind by the picture of the knife-grinder? What by the picture of the strawberry-girl?

Among the pictures were figured certain marble statues. Before one of them my cousin held me. "Nancy," she said, "this figure is the sweetest dream of beauty ever put into marble. Learn—for I am sure you do not know already—that the type of perfection, whether of Art, or of Learning, or of Holiness, is the human figure, and the female figure. The curving lines which artists love are taken by them to represent the highest and most perfect attainment in everything. This figure is the Soul, blessed and purified; or it is Song at its noblest: or it is the Muse of this or of that. Regard it as a symbol, and ask only how far the figure corresponds with the ideal." But this lesson I learned gradually, and not in a single day. To understand these things is to understand that ancient art of which the connoisseurs speak and write with such enthusiasm.

Then Isabel showed me her books—she had a case full of them.

"I have always thought," she went on, "that the finest invention of man has been the book which portrays the sufferings of imaginary people. In reading of them we forget ourselves: and though we boil with indignation we are restrained by the knowledge that nothing is real. So, my dear, we will to-day, if you please, begin the study of that most unfortunate of puppets, the real—unreal; imaginary—veritable, heroine, *Clarissa*."

In this immortal book the wickedness of man is so unmistakably held up to execration, and the unhappy victim of a relentless passion is so movingly depicted that one rises from its perusal with a heart strengthened for virtue and religion. I confess that to me *Clarissa* is a real woman of flesh and blood. And to think that this book, with all other works of imagination which deal with the passions and sins of men and women, should be prohibited by the Society of Friends!

After reading "*Clarissa*" we exchanged novels for poetry. First my cousin introduced me to portions of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and others. She read these portions aloud. Many women, I think, would do well to study the art of reading aloud. My cousin read very well, and after study in the true modulation of the voice and with gestures appropriate to every emotion, she possessed a sweet voice and read with much feeling. It is in the reading of fine poetry that a generous heart most readily betrays itself. As she read she would stop to say, "Listen, Nancy—here is a noble thought—this is sweet and tender—this is a passage that women would do well to carry about in their minds. . . . Here is a vivid description. One can hear the clanking of the armour. . . . Here is a fine contempt for things base and low. Can one hear such sentiments at Meeting? This poet is all for giving up everything: our old friends are all for getting what they can—every man for himself, whether it is a seat in heaven or a hundred thousand pounds. They forbid the poets. Why? Because, they say, some poetry is not fit for a virtuous woman to read. Then they may as well forbid a walk in the streets, where, to be sure, the things said are far worse than any poet has ever written. No, my dear, the same spirit which forbade poetry also forbade music and painting. It is a narrow and an ignorant spirit, my dear, which we have done well to put away."

One must not forget the power of music. Was not my soul uplifted a thousand times?—yea, clean carried out of itself into heights filled with blissful dreams and soft airs, by my cousin's playing? She knew all kinds of music—soft and gentle: loud and martial: tender, so that the heart yearned after something unknown: meditative,

sorrowful. Much of what she played was music taken from Masses composed for the Roman service: that service which I had been taught to believe was all superstition and treachery and deceit. Yet the music was unspeakably moving. While my cousin played I sat beside her, my head on my hand, seeing nothing, all my senses rapt by those sweet strains.

Why—why—why—have the Friends closed this avenue, this gate of Heaven? Eye hath not seen the glories of the world to come; but surely by means of music the soul may be wafted upwards and so be vouchsafed a glimpse through the Pearly Gates. Never shall I forget the first morning when we heard the music in Westminster Abbey. The church itself amazed me: the tombs of the Kings and of the great men of the country filled me with emotion: these were the people—I had never thought them real before I saw their tombs—who were set upon thrones and bidden to resist temptation not offered to lesser men; to be great and good and wise—for the sake of their people. Well: all the people—kings and paupers, wise or foolish, good or bad, great or little—the Church receives them all. The Church receives them all. And our little sect—our following small and narrow—refuses them all. The Church receives them all: this building so wonderful in its height and length and in the beauty of its pillars and its carvings stands for the whole Church of Christ and is a symbol of the Church of Christ: and it receives all—all—all within its walls. Then, while I thought these things, the sweet pure voices of the boys—they stood for the angels—rose up and floated over our heads and rolled about the roof and the arches and the aisles; and after the anthem the voice of him who prayed was like a whisper to us who stood outside under the transept. So great was the contrast between the universal Motherhood of the Church of England and the straitness of my sect that my former opinions—all that were left—fell from me as a mantle falls from the shoulders. Come what might come, I would henceforth, I resolved, follow a creed which allowed me to believe in the goodness and the love of the Lord.

"Child!" my cousin cried when I told her these things. "What is this? They will surely say that it was my doing."

"Dear Isabel! thou art all goodness to me. But, indeed, I can no longer remain in the Society of Friends."

Here I must stop. My education (or my transformation) was now complete. Look at me at the beginning of this chapter. In dress, in speech, in carriage, a Quaker among Quakers: my mind, except for the narrow creed of that sect, empty, and ready for the possession of any wandering devils who might be permitted to enter. Ignorant of the world: ignorant of music, painting, singing, dancing: ignorant of manners. In all these things my cousin was able to effect a complete change principally because she found me at a time when I was weak and humbled, and above all things anxious never to look back.

As I said above, my cousin did not understand that in doing all this for me she was making it impossible for me to return to the old life. Not even the memory of my mother could send me back to a sect where I found no hope—or if any, no more than a struggling ray of light in the darkness scarcely visible. Let me live under the wings of the Church which admits all, as the Abbey buries all, within its walls. Here lie saint and sinner: sinful King and innocent Queen, martyr and murderess—the Church admits them all. "Come," she cries. "All ye who have lived. Here there is hope for all. Lie down and rest and trust." And so, as John Bunyan journeyed through the Dark Valley to the Hills beyond, I went through all those agonies of terror and found myself at last standing on the slopes of the Hills Beautiful.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE FIRST MEETING.

You have heard from Lord de Lys how tradition still attaches to a house in St. James's Place concerning a certain Person and a certain lady. It cannot be more than a garbled and mangled version of the truth. Not one of the persons chiefly concerned would ever, I believe, speak publicly of this episode. Not Captain Sellinger; not the Corporal, who was afterwards killed in action; not my cousin, who died of smallpox a year after this event; not Dr. Mynsterchamber, who went away under circumstances you shall learn, and no doubt is long since dead; not Molly, who remains with me still; not Mr. Robert Storey, who shortly afterwards fell into misfortune and the Fleet Prison. In whatever version was spread abroad, I make no doubt that I was depicted as a woman of the basest sort, practising the allurements of Delilah, decked with fine raiment and jewels, costly head-tire and wanton looks: in short, such a woman as is described by the Wise King in his Book of Proverbs. You, however, who have read so far will understand that a young gentlewoman with such a history as mine—for which reason I have written what precedes—formerly a Quakeress, and of the strictest kind, daughter of a wealthy manufacturer, instructed in none of the arts of allurements and only the simplest graces and accomplishments, would be unable—if she were basely to wish—to attempt those arts.

This is a love story: for my own part I do not believe that any others are worth reading: I am indeed sincerely sorry for all poor women who have no love story of their

own. One must not magnify the passion of love, but certainly there is no other passion that plays so important a part in this transitory life, especially for my sex. I say that this is a love story: and I declare, further, that if any young man (whatever his rank) bestowed upon me his affections in the springtime of my days, when I possessed some charms of face and form, it was not on account of any allurements or snares, but solely on account of those perfections which a generous and noble soul (out of his own nobility) imagined in a woman all imperfections. The more noble the lover the deeper and the stronger is his love, the more heavenly becomes the woman of his imagination. Such a young man sees in the woman he loves a Living Well of Virtue, a Sealed Fountain, a soul all beautiful within and without. Happy is the woman who is loved by so great a heart; for even before her death she may be led upward so as to become an angel of heaven.

My cousin spent an incredible amount of pains upon me for three months—namely, May, June, and July of the year 1760. During that time she transformed me into a woman of the fashion—that is to say, not a great Court lady, but a woman who dressed like the rest, spoke like the rest, and took the same pleasure in the things that delight all other women. Of friends we had not many, which afterwards proved an advantage to us. The other occupants of the house—namely, Corporal Bates, of the Horse Guards, and his family in the garrets, Captain Sellinger on the second floor, and Dr. Mynsterchamber on the ground floor—we knew, but had little intercourse with them. So much was I changed that I could not bear to think of the Society of Friends. Only to remember the house at Dartford made me tremble and shiver. I had ceased going to First Day Meeting, and had even begun to attend the services at St. James's, Piccadilly, with my cousin, who had a pew in that noble church. As for singing, painting, reading poetry, making music, embroidery, fine dress, and adornment of all kinds I was now as fond of these things as my cousin could desire.

It was on Wednesday, August 17, that the event happened which was destined to change the whole of my life. At half-past seven in the evening I was returning home from evening prayers at St. James's. It was a sermon day, which made the service longer. I was accompanied by Molly, who walked behind me, carrying my prayer-book. Many other ladies were also going home after prayers, either in their coaches or accompanied by footmen carrying sticks, or, like me, protected only by a woman-servant.

At such a time and in such a place one considers that there is no danger save from some gentleman whose attentions are uninvited or from some audacious pickpocket: who could look for danger at the Court end of the town, in the most polite streets, with numbers of passengers, and in broad daylight? A gentlewoman may, surely, go to evening prayers and return home without fear of molestation within a few yards of the King's Palace. There is, however, another kind of danger to which one is exposed in every part of the town. One thinks little of it: one cannot guard against it: yet it always threatens: it is always possible: it can never be removed, so long as the world continues to drink rum, punch, port wine, or beer.

However, being tranquil as to this or any other danger, and seeing many ladies and persons of respectable appearance in the streets, I walked along reflecting on the discourse which the congregation had just heard. It was one of the kind which the Church of England loves: the preacher had an argument which he expounded, followed up, and proved with a great display of scholarship and with that appearance of authority which the pulpit, the ecclesiastical wig, the black gown, and a full voice also contributed to his discourse. I know not, now, what he advanced or proved. There was nothing of himself in it: no "experiences," no claim to the special working of the Lord in his soul: nothing individual: he spoke as one in a collective Church, as if the individual shared with all the rest the gifts and graces of the Church, which receives all alike, treats all alike: gives the same promise to all alike. Nor did this preacher, as my brother Joseph was wont to do, take a text here and a text there and lay them side by side. Not so: he showed us what each text means in the original Greek, and what it means with reference to the passages that go before and the passages which follow after. Such a discourse to a person of my experience was like an invitation to rest and be happy in an Ark of Refuge.

We accomplished our short walk through Jermyn Street and down St. James's Street in perfect safety until we reached the corner of St. James's Place. When we turned into that very quiet place we were met full face to face by two gentlemen walking arm-in-arm, or rather, shoulder to shoulder.

They both wore the King's scarlet. One of them I knew very well. He was the Honourable Robert Sellinger, younger brother of the Viscount de Lys, Captain in his Majesty's Horse-Guards. He was at this time not more than five-and-twenty: a tall and proper person, upon whom the King's uniform sat becomingly: all women, I am sure, like to see a young man in a handsome uniform. As yet the gout which afterwards cruelly afflicted him, swelling his joints, covering his face with unsightly blotches, crippling his feet, had not appeared. He was, however, so to speak, inviting and preparing the way for



it: this he did by drinking too much port wine or rum punch, so that already his neck was too thick and his cheek too flushed for so young a man. In the morning, however, there was no better company: he was as well bred a man as is expected in one of his rank: he had some knowledge of books: he was of the kindest disposition: and he discoursed pleasantly. In appearance I say that he was tall: his nose was long and narrow: his eyes had a constant light as of sunshine in them: his lips were ever ready for a smile. To me and to my cousin he was attentive: he visited us frequently: he walked with us in the Park: he told us about the old King in St. James's Palace and the Princes in Leicester Square, and he paid me every day some new and pleasing compliment. But he did not make love to me, for which I am now thankful: indeed, the poor man, who had but this one fault, entertained love towards the bottle as his only mistress. Strange, that a man of parts and judgment should every night voluntarily fuddle himself! Why did he do it? Why do men, our superiors in strength of mind as well as of body, choose to deaden their finer senses for the sake of—I know not what—say, a few drops of sweetness, more or less?

Had Captain Sellinger been sober this evening I am certain that nothing would have happened. Sober, he respected me and all other women; drunk, he regarded all women alike, just as he regarded (I suppose) the impudent hussies in the Park, whom I have seen the gentlemen, with a disgusting familiarity, take by the chin. This evening, however, he was overcome, and he walked with difficulty, holding up his companion and being held up by him.

At the corner of St. James's Place, I say, we came face to face with this pair, insomuch that there was no way

Hold up, man—and I will take the mistress. Call a coach—call a coach, Molly, for thy mistress and Jack and me."

So he went on in his tipsy way, about the lovely Nancy, the divine Nancy, and such nonsense as makes me ashamed to set it down except to show that he knew not what he said.

"Captain Sellinger," I said, "you have been drinking, otherwise you would not behave in this strange way. Please suffer me to pass. For shame, Sir; for shame!"



"Good Lord!" he cried. Then he lowered his sword to the ground.

of avoiding them; nor would they suffer me to take the wall and pass, but, in a manner, spread themselves out and barred the way.

"Captain Sellinger," I said, "will you let me pass?"

"Jack," he replied, speaking thickly, "'tis Nancy—divine Nancy. She hath been at her devotions—on her lovely knees. Jack, let us take her to Marylebone Gardens to finish the evening."

"T'other bottle," the other man replied, still more thickly. He understood nothing.

"Let me pass, Captain Sellinger." But he still barred the way.

"Thou shalt take the maid, Jack," he continued. "Molly will do for thee."

"T'other bottle," murmured his companion, dropping his head upon his chest. "You shall pass," he said, "in my arms, in a chariot—in a chair"—he hardly knew what he said—"to Marylebone Gardens. There we will dance—you have never yet danced with me, fair Nancy. We will afterwards take supper—supper, and have—eh, Jack?—t'other bottle."

"T'other bottle," the other gentleman replied; but his glassy eye showed that he at least would not arrive at that stage, having certainly worked his way already through as many bottles as he could hold.

"Let me go, Captain Sellinger!" I cried, as he caught hold of my hand.

"We will go together," he repeated, firm in his drunken mood, "to Marylebone



Gardens. The women shall expire—by Gad!—with envy and spite—bless their hearts! And the men shall burst—hang 'em!—with envy. We will show them Venus herself—Venus herself—fair Queen of Love. Willy-nilly, fair Nancy, needs must thou show thy face at Marylebone."

"Nay, Captain Sellinger, this passes endurance. You are so tipsy that you are not yourself. You know not what you say. Will you let me go, or must I force my way through?"

Now, what he did I know not. He seized my hand, he tried to kiss my cheek. I know not, indeed, what he did; because to be accosted in this manner in such a place as St. James's Street by two drunken gentlemen terrifies a girl out of her senses. And to be told that, willy-nilly, she must go with these two gentlemen—almost unable to stand—to a place of public resort disturbed me so much that I can hardly tell what happened. However, I cried out for help, that is quite certain, and Molly screamed and pulled me back, and stood in front of me: and the poor Captain was so fuddled that he hardly knew the maid from the mistress, which, I suppose, was the reason why Molly boxed his ears. And then—then—this was the first meeting—there came running across the street two gentlemen, both young, the elder not more than one or two and twenty, and the other two years or so younger. They grasped their swords. "Madam," said the elder, with great resolution in his eyes and in his voice, "have no fear, we will make a way for you."

So saying he stepped before me, drawing his sword and holding it before him, pointed at the poor tipsy Captain.

The other—the younger man—stepped to the right hand of his friend, and also drew his sword quickly, standing beside the first, yet a little in advance, and it seemed to me as if he was defending his friend, so watchfully did he hold his weapon. I noticed, besides, that the two young men were richly dressed: the elder, who was the taller and stouter, in scarlet, like Captain Sellinger, with broad gold lace on his hat and beautiful lace at his wrists and neck. His sash was also trimmed with gold lace. His friend, on the other hand, wore a blue coat with white facings, also decorated with gold lace. I was so ignorant at the time that I did not recognise the uniform of the Royal Navy.

Now at sight of the drawn swords the Captain showed an immediate and remarkable change of demeanour. All the soldier awakened in his breast, he stepped back, leaving hold of his friend, who fell to the ground: he stood upright and alert: he drew his sword swiftly: the wine went out of his head. "As you will, gentlemen," he said, "if you must interfere where you have no business." So he turned half round, saluted his enemy and crossed swords.

"Oh! Good gentlemen!" cried Molly, wringing her hands.

"Gentlemen!" I said. "They are drunk——"

As I spoke an extraordinary transformation fell upon Captain Sellinger. His face expressed suddenly a swift succession of emotions—doubt, astonishment, bewilderment, and recognition. "Good Lord!" he cried. Then he lowered his sword to the ground, the point touching the stones; he took off his hat, bowed low, sheathed his sword, and still with bowed head retreated backward, and so passed into the Park beyond.

For my own part, I was not so much astonished by this behaviour, because my people practise these courtesies of bows and bendings and reverences so little, that, indeed, I knew not what kind of reverence is due to this person or to that.

"So," said the younger of the two, "the adventure ends well. What about this other brave companion of the bottle?"

For Captain Sellinger's friend, on losing the support of his brother toper, fell forward on the kerbstone, and, not being able to get up, was fumbling about stupidly in search of his sword, which he was too drunk to find.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I thank you for your kindly help. As for this poor man lying here, I say again that he

is drunk. Otherwise, pray, gentlemen, be so good as to put up your swords."

So they obeyed. And the elder, with a bow, asked me if I had far to go. I told him that at the end of St. James's Place lived my cousin, whom I was then visiting, and that I could now go home in perfect safety.

"Nay, Madam," he replied. "To the door at least you will suffer us to attend you."

So they walked, one on either side of me, for the short distance that remained. When we reached the door I thanked them again and wished them good-night.

"Madam," said the elder of the two, gazing into my face, but not boldly or impudently—the word impudence can never, surely, be connected with him—"may we, at least, learn the name of the lady—or the goddess—whom we have this evening happily assisted?"

"Sir," I replied, ashamed to be called a goddess, "I am the daughter of the late Samuel Walden, paper manufacturer, of Dartford in Kent. I am here on a visit to my cousin Mrs. Isabel Storey, widow of my father's cousin, the late Mr. Reuben Storey, American merchant, of Great Tower Hill."

He received the information with a show of the deepest interest, and lingered as if uncertain.



"DINGAAN'S DAY" IN THE TRANSVAAL.

"Come, George," said the other, "we keep this lady waiting on her doorstep."

So the elder of the two bowed. "Madam," he said, "I humbly hope for our better acquaintance."

"I too, Madam," said the other, "venture to hope for better acquaintance. If," he indicated his companion, "this gentleman be permitted the honour of calling——"

"Sir," I replied, "I have no right to accept or to refuse such an honour, being but a guest of my cousin."

"Sure, Miss Nancy," said the impudent Molly, "there are not too many young gentlemen coming to the house. Do you call, gentlemen, and you will find a welcome, trust me. Good-night, therefore, gentlemen, and thank you for my mistress."

So they laughed and walked away. I turned my head to look after them, and was punished for my curiosity like Lot's wife—for the elder of the two, he who was called George, had also turned his head, and he smiled and waved his hand. It made me blush to be caught looking after him.

At his own door, half opened, stood Dr. Mynsterchamber, the lodger of the ground floor, in his ragged old gown and his head wrapped in a nightcap. The man was so long and lean and so much like a vulture that I shuddered whenever I met him, and this was almost every time that we went out of the house or returned to it. He would then open his door an inch or two, poke out his

hooked nose and nod his head, saying, "Good morning, fair Nancy"; or "Divine Nancy"; or "Lovely nymph, good-day," with the privilege which we accord to age.

This evening his door was opened wider than usual, and his whole head came out. "Lovely Nancy," he said, "the beaux are beginning. Thy train will soon drive other nymphs to madness."

"I have no beaux, Dr. Mynsterchamber."

"It is a magnificent beginning. One of them, at least, will come again, doubtless. Have they told thee, child, who and what they are? Ha! not yet. In good time. Well, history is made by women. Love rules the Court; love is victorious over the conqueror. The Kings are led by Rosamond and Alice and Jane and Nelly and Gabrielle, each in his turn; each by one at a time. For a time they have their day—their little day"—his voice was like a raven's, hoarse and boding ill. "Well—the candle is lit: the pretty moth flies round and round: pure and clear burns the flame: see! the moth flies into it, and lies dying, all its colours burned up. The story of Semele is a parable."

"I know not what you mean, Sir."

"No, no. Best not ask their names. That they should come to this house—to this house—strange!" He shut his door and retired. As I ran up the stairs, I heard him muttering. His words made me uneasy. What did he mean by his long list of women? Who was the moth and what was the candle?

"I wonder who they were," said my cousin. "So Molly promised them a welcome in my name. Molly is an impudent baggage. Yet, my dear, one would not stand in your way. They will come to see you. Oh, Nancy! that such a lovely face was condemned to go in grey, and to marry a man in drab! Monstrous! Well, they shall have a welcome. Heaven grant they may not prove to be profligates."

"They looked most virtuous, I think."

"Looked indeed! Who can trust a man's looks? Last year one of them—a mere adventurer—carried off an heiress, and was at Gretna Green before her parents knew that she was lost. To be sure, they say that she was nothing loth."

"I am no heiress, cousin. Therefore no one will carry me off."

"I don't know, child. There are other reasons for carrying off a woman. Besides, thy father was possessed of goodly bags of gold. There are hunters of nymphs as well as hunters of fortune. There are in the world always young men named Lovelace. Remember Clarissa, my dear."

I laid my hand on hers. "If Clarissa had lived with thee, dear cousin, Lovelace would not have ventured or succeeded."

(To be continued.)

#### "DINGAAN'S DAY" AT KRUGERSDORP.

Ever since the defeat of Dingaan, the Zulu chief, and his hordes, by the Boers on Dec. 16, 1838, the anniversary of that great event in the history of Boer expansion has been celebrated each year with much solemnity. The monument erected at Paardekraal, on the rising ground of Krugersdorp, becomes on each anniversary the centre of a gathering of several thousands of Boers, the day being a public holiday, on which all places of business are closed by law. At the celebration last month the assemblage was not quite as large as in some former years, but the crowd numbered five thousand persons at the least. A great many Uitlanders were present, and rumour had it that something of the nature of a Declaration of Independence was to be made; but the report proved groundless, and in spite of the troublous times of the past year, the meeting was exceptionally orderly. The day was ushered in by the firing of guns at dawn, and at seven o'clock a solemn service was held, followed by another at noon. President Kruger delivered an impressive address, imbued with much religious fervour, and concluded with a solemn prayer.





PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: A PORTAGE.

— Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.



## LITERATURE.

## LORD ROBERTS IN INDIA.

The autobiography of Lord Roberts—for such it may be called—just published under the title of *Forty-One Years in India, from Subaltern to Commander-in-Chief* (R. Bentley and Son), is one of the most instructive and engrossing books that have ever been written about India. Here is a man who has penned a most interesting story for the main reason that he had a most interesting story to pen, and it is difficult to imagine that he could have done it better. In his preface he asks his readers to bear in

succeeds in presenting us with a marvellously vivid and enthralling panorama of the whole war. Cold and unimaginative indeed must be the Briton whose heart does not beat more quickly and more proudly as he reads this thrilling record of one of the most glorious triumphs of his imperial race. And scarcely less moving is Lord Roberts's account of his fighting in Afghanistan—an account which he was able to make more complete than the story of his share in the suppression of the Mutiny, as all the threads of action centred in his own hand. Yet just as he stows away the mention of his winning the Victoria Cross into an obscure footnote, so he never claims for himself the merits of any of his victories, but accords these to the valiant men of his command. It was the curious custom of the old German Emperor to ascribe all his victories to Heaven; it is the habit of Lord Roberts to render thanks for all his triumphs to the Highlanders, the Gurkhas, the Sikhs, and the Dogras who accompanied him on his immortal march from Kabul to Kandahar; and he confesses, with much pathos, that even now he cannot listen to the playing of "Auld Lang Syne" without hearing "the martial beat of drums and the plaintive music of the pipes," which wailed out to him the farewell of the "Kabul-Kandahar Field Force," when he parted from it in the Bolan Pass to return to India. Curiously enough, just as some authors have most peculiar views as to the relative merits of their works, so Lord Roberts, when he came

back to England to be "fêted and feasted to an alarming extent," was "very much surprised to find that the kind people by whom I was so greatly honoured invariably appeared to think the march from Kabul to Kandahar was a much greater performance than the advance on Kabul the previous autumn; while to my mind the latter operation was, in every particular, more difficult, more dangerous, and placed upon me, as the Commander, infinitely more responsibility."

But though Lord Roberts's actual fighting in the open field was now over, perhaps his greatest victories had still to come. For, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, he presently took in hand a series of administrative reforms which constitute, perhaps, his greatest claim to the gratitude of his Queen and country; and when at last his term of office expired and he regretfully returned home, it might truly be said of him that his departure was deplored by all the inhabitants of India, British and native alike—"Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spoke that they should see his face no more, and they accompanied him unto the ship." The record of his one-and-forty years' life in India should be read by all who are proud of our Empire in the East and the men who made it.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

Mr. A. Wilmot, author of "The Expansion of South Africa," has written a companion volume called *Monomotapa (Rhodesia)*. (T. Fisher Unwin.) This is an epitome of the ancient history of that part of Africa, though Mr. Wilmot has comparatively little to say about Rhodesia itself in early times, and a great deal about Phœnicia, Arabia, and the general field of African exploration. For evidence as to the Phœnician colonisation of Rhodesia Mr. Wilmot relies on copious extracts from Mr. Bent's work on the ancient monuments of Mashonaland. The compilation is not easy reading, for the author's literary skill is of the slightest.

The Hon. Mrs. Henniker, in her *Scarlet and Grey* (John Lane) has improved delightfully on the pleasant story of the two English survivors of a wreck, who remained together for forty-eight hours on a hen-coop without the interchange of a word because they had not been introduced. In the first of these gloomy studies, "The Heart of the Colour-Sergeant," the hero meets the heroine at a bazaar, and makes unmistakable love to her for more than an hour, at night, in the deserted grounds. At parting

she leaves him in little doubt of the nature and of the depth of her interest in him, presenting him with a bunch of forget-me-nots she had worn in the bosom of her dress, and promising to see the last of him when he embarked with his regiment for Egypt. But when she did go down to see the last of him, he cut her dead, probably because he had heard of her mercenary engagement to Lord Ryde's son and heir, Captain Vincent. This, however, is not the construction the properly-brought-up heroine puts upon the snub. "Ah! he was a gentleman still, and he had never been introduced to her, she thought. He would not, of course, think it right to speak to her." The lady seems to have credited the gentleman-sergeant with the polite propriety of Mr. Gilbert's workhouse foundling, who consulted the etiquette-book—her sole dowry—at every moment and movement. The puzzling problem of collaboration is presented to us in an unusually interesting form in the last and least pleasant story in the volume, "The Spectre of the Real," the joint product of Mrs. Henniker and Mr. Thomas Hardy. We cannot think that either author will be eager to claim the credit of the singularly disagreeable plot of the tale; but there are bits of description here and there which are graphic and characteristic. There cannot be much doubt, for instance, about the authorship of such a description as this: "When they reappeared the lawn was as silent as when they had left it, though the sleep of things had weakened down to a certain precarious slightness, and round the corner of the house a low line of light showed the dawn."

## A LITERARY LETTER.

The recent bog slide in Ireland recalls to me the fact that Mr. Bram Stoker—Sir Henry Irving's capable manager and a novelist of many gifts—has made one of his stories, "The Snake's Pass," centre round a similar catastrophe in Ireland many years ago.

It is also interesting to recall that Haworth, in Yorkshire, which is so intimately associated with the story of the Brontës, was once the scene of a similar experience. One of the only two sermons which were printed by the Rev. Patrick Brontë, the father of the novelists, was entitled "*A Sermon preached in the Church of Haworth on Sunday, September 12th, 1824, in reference to an Earthquake and Extraordinary Eruption of Mud and Water that had taken place Ten Days before in the Moors of that Chapelry.*" From this sermon we learn that on this occasion two portions of the moor sank several yards, and that there issued forth "a mighty volume of mud and water, that spread alarm, astonishment, and danger along its course of many miles." "Two great cavities," continues the preacher, "were formed, one of which was not less than four or five yards deep, and the rapid torrent of mud and water, thirty yards wide, took a course of six or seven miles, entirely threw down or made breaches in several stone and wooden bridges, uprooted trees, laid prostrate walls, and gave many other awful proofs that, in the hand of Omnipotence, it was an irresistible instrument to execute His judgments."

A very pretty duel has been going on in the *Saturday Review* between Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Max Beerbohm. Both controversialists distinguished themselves by what they do not know as well as by what they do. The younger Pitt *did* wear a wig, in spite of Dr. Doyle to the contrary; he did not, however, flourish—if by that word may be understood take an active part in politics—during



GENERAL THE HON. A. E. HARDINGE, GENERAL SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS, GENERAL SIR DONALD STEWART, Commander-in-Chief Bombay Army, Commander-in-Chief Madras Army, 1881-83, Commander-in-Chief in India.

## A COUNCIL OF GENERALS.

Reproduced, by permission, from "Forty One Years in India," by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. (R. Bentley and Son.)

mind that "the writer is a soldier, not a man of letters," and begs them therefore to "forgive all faults of style or language": but they must be very picky-pecky readers indeed who can find that there are any such faults to pardon. If Lord Roberts is not a professional man of letters, we can only say that there are many men of this class who would do well to imitate his style. It is a curious fact that the best writers of German prose are members of the Grand General Staff at Berlin—men who, under Moltke, compiled the official histories of the three campaigns which united the Fatherland; and it almost looks as if the British Army had also furnished us with some of our foremost stylists. For where is there anything of its kind to equal Sir Evelyn Wood's recollections of the Crimea? Who among our "professional" writers has ever produced a better biography than Lord Wolseley's *Life of Marlborough*? And now as an ambidextrous workman, equally skilful with the sword and the pen, Lord Wolseley himself has been run very hard by his great Indian compeer, the brilliant and beloved soldier whose career of rivalry with our present Commander-in-Chief may be said to have commenced at Lucknow, when plucky young Roberts placed a flag on the roof of the mess-house, and maintained it there too, in spite of all the efforts of the mutineers to shoot it down. But if Lord Roberts was the first to plant this regimental colour on the turret of the mess-house at Lucknow, his rival, Lord Wolseley, was the first to unfurl his own banner on the turret of the Horse Guards at Whitehall; yet we are not altogether sure that on the battlefield of literature the hero of Kandahar has not now achieved a victory—or say "scored"—over the hero of Tel-el-Kebir. In respect of mere form and style, Lord Wolseley may be thought to wield a more finished, a more elaborate pen than Lord Roberts; but, on the other hand, the latter has all the superior advantage which springs from the intrinsic merit of his subject. The measure of this merit is just the difference of interest between a biography and an autobiography. Lord Wolseley's subject—Marlborough—is of a somewhat antiquarian kind; the theme of Lord Roberts has all the attraction of modernity, of living, vital, actual interest. Bismarck once remarked that those who make history rarely write it, and that those who write it rarely understand it. But in Lord Roberts we have a man who has both made and recorded history supremely well. Doubtless this history, in his case, is rather of the sketchy, discursive, episodic, and pictorial kind—Herodotean in all save the fables and falsities of Herodotus. For in every page of these entrancing volumes we are made to feel that their writer is the very soul of accuracy, fairness, honour, and integrity—a Bayard of the nineteenth century if ever there was one; and after perusing them no one can be surprised that "Little Bobs" became so popular in India alike with Tommy Atkins and with Tommy Hindu. Throughout all these thousand pages there is not a single harsh or unkind word about anyone; for, like Robert Burns, who withheld not his pity from the "Deil" himself, so Lord Roberts could likewise extend his sympathy to his very foes—but only after they were beaten, *bien entendu*. It is only by implication that you can now and then infer his adverse judgment upon men and things—as, for example, when he records his opinion of the disgraceful state of demoralisation and positive funk which he found to be prevailing among the garrison of Kandahar—British as well as natives, when he hurried to its relief from Kabul.

Of course, the two outstanding events in the career of Lord Roberts were the Mutiny and the Afghan campaign; and though, in detailing the incidents of the former, he does not always confine himself to what passed under his own eyes, but has "frequently to refresh" his memory from the pages of other writers, he nevertheless



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS ON HIS ARAB CHARGER VONOLET.

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY C. FURSE MADE FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

Reproduced from "Forty-One Years in India." (R. Bentley and Son.)

the period of the Regency, although we have to credit Mr. Beerbohm with the statement that he did.

Most of the distinguished writers of the day have broken the ice with short stories—at least, I think it would probably be found that they have done so. It is, therefore, a novelty to find a newly successful writer stating that "short stories do not interest me, and I do not think that I shall ever write them." This is Mr. Benjamin Swift, author of "Nancy Noon." By the way, Mr. Swift will shortly publish a new novel, to be called "The Tormentor."

C. K. S.





## HOPE DEFERRED.

CROSSING-SWEEPER: *Copper, Sir?*PASSER-BY: *I'm in a hurry now. I'll give you something on my way back.*CROSSING-SWEEPER: *Ah, Sir, the amount of tick I give that way is marvellous.*



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR

DEAN FARRAR.

THE BISHOP OF DOWER.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: THE CEREMONY IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. S. Dugg.



## NATURE'S CALENDAR: JANUARY.

January, on the average, is the coldest month of the year. Nature is then at its lowest ebb. It is true that the flight of the sun has been arrested, and that he is on his way back to us every day; but he has no power yet to bestir the chilled world into responsive warmth and pulsation.

Vegetation seems quite at rest, and any exception is noted as a curiosity. Beneath its apparent inactivity, however, the processes of elaboration are ceaselessly going on. The accumulated food products which, on the approach of winter, retreated for safety into bulb and tuber, root and underground stem, are so many well-stocked larders that furnish supplies for the multiplication of cells to go on throughout the winter. The incumbent seeds, too, are softening and swelling—

Look Nature through, 'tis revelation all,  
All change—no death.

If the snow prevail, we have the feeble sun in the middle of the day sparkling on the lovely tree-traceries that grace the earth's ermine covering, and the light reflected from the universal white gives a brightness to the aspect which cannot be approached when the snow is not there. A keen frost, too, peoples the landscape with skaters wherever there is a surface over which they can glide. But the outdoor labourer has to be comparatively idle.

Should the weather be mild, the days are dreary, especially when mists or rains abound. Then turbid rivers run by loamy soils, sober pastures, and fields where springs the winter corn. The black-looking hedgerows, and the trees that have been stripped to their bare, dark masts to face the storms, but serve to make the view more dingy. The general bareness, however, is relieved in places by the evergreens that have survived the Christmas invasion, and the winter furze brightens up many a roadside and heathland with its vegetable gold. The sober ivies, too, have a chance to come into prominence, wreathing great trees, and gracing old walls, drooping in the hedges, and creeping along the banks of the ditches. Dark crimson leaves still deck the trailing brambles, scarlet hips light up the sprays of the wild rose, and deep red haws hang in clusters on the thorns. Various other berries—black, white, and red—are not yet eaten by the birds.

On fine days peasants may be seen at work ploughing the soil, lopping the hedgerows, clearing the ditches, burning the refuse, and generally making ready for the coming spring. The mounds you see here and there in the fields are filled with turnips for the cattle and sheep. Some of the latter are out among their scattered roots and feeding-troughs already, and the Dorsetshires are accompanied by their lambs.

Unless the weather be very severe, many of the feathered tribes are with us in their flocks. Some have come southwards, and some have not left us. The country is more voiceless than vacant. The rooks, who do the heavy digging for their companions, the starlings and the daws, are feeding with them in the fields, while an occasional jay is seen flashing across the open. Small clouds of larks descend upon the meadows, and the stay-behind lapwings wheel over the uplands or come down upon the arables. The wild-fowl still haunt the marshes and the ponds, to the reeds of which starlings may be sometimes seen making in thousands as the day shuts down, to find a quiet lodgment for the night. Finches, yellow-hammers, buntings, sparrows, and other small birds hover round the stackyards, whither also comes the deadly sparrow-hawk, sure of an abundant prey. Occasionally a kestrel may be seen gracefully hovering or circling in the air, and coming down like a stone upon its victim beneath. Redwings and fieldfares flit along the hedgerows. Troops of green-linnets and grey-linnets forage for seeds over the short stubbles and weedy lands. The blackbird and the thrush may be seen paying visits to the haws and the holly-berries, and they will be most grateful for an apple when the snow is on the ground. The robin, if frost-driven, comes tapping for your annual contributions, along with the pert and less emboldened sparrow.

The frogs, the toads, the newts, and the reptiles proper (snakes and lizards) are in their winter sleep. No insects are stirring. The hedgehog and the dormouse are also hibernating. The weasel and the stoat come forth from their retreats when forced by hunger, to hunt for prey, winding their long, low bodies through as much cover as they can. The voracious mole has deepened his workings after the worms, and, like the owl, keeps up his midnight depredations. The bats are hanging head-downwards, hooked to a ledge in a hollow tree or some old building, with their webs wrapped closely round them. The caterpillars have turned into pendent pupæ, and await the warmth for their further transformation. Snails cannot bear the wintry cold. They have crawled as deeply as possible under a heap of dead leaves, and formed a sort of chamber by sticking the leaves together with their slime. Then, withdrawing into their shells, they have closed up the entrance with a membrane of the same viscous secretion, which dries and

hardens. They usually make these winter homes in groups, sticking together, an arrangement which economises the outlay of slime. These snail-groups are so much stored-up food for the thrushes, who seek for them with hunger-sharpened wits. Whenever you see a heap of empty, broken snail-shells it is a monument to their success in finding.

In the woods, if the weather be fine, the squirrels chase one another up and down the trees and along the branches, leaping, chattering, and jerking their bushy tails in frisky joy. The wood-pigeons, bramblings, nuthatches, and titmice revel if they can find some remaining beechnuts.

The various kinds of game sometimes find this month very hard for them. When so the grouse in their separate flocks will descend into the stubbles near their wilds to seek for grain. The pheasant spends his night as comfortably as he can on the low branch of a tree. The partridges are very wary and in strong flight. Rabbits and hares may be seen out nibbling at the usual times, and, by tracing their imprints in the snow, you will find that their journeys in search of tender bark and other suitable food extend for miles at this time of the year. A man who has a bed of winter parsley may be sure of their attention.

Master Reynard moves with his characteristic circumspection, but when he is drawn by the hounds it is a beautiful sight to see them in full cry after him on these dull days of January. Then the sombre landscape has some colour and animation.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Admitting that the ordinary wheelbarrow is not the most elegant, or even the most convenient, vehicle to take one's drives abroad in, it does not logically follow that the man

eccentric were made by testators perfectly sane in every relation of life, whether these documents dealt with the disposal of property or other matters. Few people would question the mental fitness of Ben Jonson, for instance; yet he commanded his executors to bury him upright, so that he might be all the readier at the Day of Judgment. The reason to a believer in the "hereafter," such as that belief is recorded in some of Dean Ramsay's Scotch anecdotes, will not quarrel with the playwright's request. Nor will the humble and devout Christian cavil at the will of Richard the Dauntless (*sans peur*), Duke of Normandy, who from sheer humility desired to be buried outside the porch of the church at Fécamp, "in order to be trodden upon by all those who entered the sacred building." His wish was complied with, although a few years later an abbot removed the body to the front of the altar. Richard's son, the second of the name, wishing to emulate his father's humility, requested to be buried in the cemetery, but under the gutter-pipe of the church.

Ben Jonson had his reason for preferring to remain in an upright position; so had that Sieur de Châtelet who made similar provisions; but the feeling that prompted the latter was utterly different from that of the Englishman. "I desire to be buried standing upright in one of the pillars of the church, so that the scum may not march on my stomach." Thus ran his will, and the pillar in which he was entombed is shown to this day in the principal fane of Neufchâteau.

The arrangements for their "long rest" of two famous Dutch painters breathe neither the spirit of humility nor that of pride, but simply the spirit of conviviality and love of life that distinguished their fellow-worthies of the brush. Shortly before his death, which took place at Amsterdam, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the celebrated seascape-painter Bakhuysen purchased several pipes of the best wine procurable, had it bottled and sealed, and stocked

it. After which he placed in a purse sixty-eight gold pieces. When his will was opened the money was found to be left to his friends, on the condition that they should give a dinner on his grave, and drink the wine until there was not a drop left of it: a drinking bout that would have delighted that matchless toper of the fourteenth century, an ancestor by marriage of the second wife of Frederick William III. Prince von Liegnitz, Franz Hals, or Franz Floris, the painter of "The Fall of Lucifer," whence Vondel took his inspiration for his poem of the same name—which poem, in spite of everything that has been said to the contrary, was perfectly known to Milton when he composed his "Paradise Lost"—all these might have made similar wills.

Martin Heemskerk, the second Dutch painter to whom I alluded, left his fortune to be divided into so many parts, each part to dower annually a maiden of his native village, on the condition that the wedding festivities should take place on his grave. These

testators, it is well known, were perfectly sane in body and mind when they made their wills, which, it will scarcely be gainsaid, were eccentric: why should Mdlle. Borniche not have made a sane will in her periods of eccentricity?

## WHALE ASHORE AT BOSCOMBE.

Great excitement was caused at Bournemouth last week by the washing ashore of the carcass of a large whale near the Boscombe Pier. The dead whale first reached the shore opposite the town of Bournemouth proper, and then drifted along the coast, half below and half above water, to Boscombe Pier. The dead whale was found to measure sixty-five feet in length and twenty-four feet in girth, and is said to weigh close upon forty tons. An investigation of the cause of its death showed that its back had been broken, probably by contact with some vessel in the open sea. By the instructions of the Receiver of Wrecks, the carcass, the largest ever landed on the local coast, was eventually sold by auction, in the presence of a large assembly. The opening bids were not exorbitant, five pounds and a few pounds in advance of that sum being the most that local enterprise seemed willing to offer at the outset. It was expected by some that the Bournemouth Town Council would buy the whale with a view to its preservation in a local museum, but as such an institution has yet to be built the authorities preferred to give place to individual ambition, and the carcass was eventually knocked down to Dr. Spencer Simpson, of Bournemouth, who reached the highest bid with twenty-seven pounds.

## TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Nine (from July 4 to December 26, 1896) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.



WHALE WASHED ASHORE AT BOSCOMBE.

Photo Haldood, Boscombe.

or woman who prefers that mode of locomotion is mentally unfit to make a will. Yet this was the conclusion the Paris tribunal was asked to come to the other day in the case of an old spinster, Mdlle. Borniche, apparently the eccentric daughter of an unquestionably eccentric sire. Personally, I have never seen the latter, but I used to hear a good deal about him from the late Albert Wolff, the well known and able art critic of *Le Figaro*. Borniche had particular notions about pictorial art, on which he spent considerable sums. He had no objection to the academic, a tolerance which his heiress does not appear to have shared, for in addition to her frequent excursions in the modest conveyance, she was in the habit of decking her statues with vine-leaves, and, when these were not to be had, with textile fabrics.

Even this will not convince me that Mdlle. Borniche was not capable mentally of disposing by will of her property, for if an æsthetic or quasi-moral or prurient dislike to the nude in statuary or painting be a disqualification for selecting one's heirs, the majority of the municipal authorities of an important city within the four seas would be thus disqualified. Upon the whole, Mdlle. Borniche's will presents nothing very unusual, considering that she, an old spinster, left the whole of her fortune for the foundation of a maternity hospital.

Nevertheless, her relatives contest her sanity; and, inasmuch as French judges generally view with disfavour the attempted reversal of the provisions of the Code Napoléon with regard to the claims of natural heirs, the verdict will probably upset the will for their benefit. Paley said that a man who is not sometimes a fool is always one; he did not mention the other sex, but there is no justification for the contention of the claimants' counsel that a member of that sex, because she played the fool every now and again, was incapable of making a wise and beneficial testament.

On the contrary, a pretty extensive acquaintance with the contents of wills would tend to show that the most



## ART NOTES.

It is a happy accident which allows us to compare the two most distinctive painters of the Victorian period—Lord Leighton and Mr. G. F. Watts—the former an idealist and a draughtsman, the latter a moralist and colourist. Mr. Watts's art, from early youth down to the present time—and he is now within sight of his eighty-first year—has been distinctly progressive, not only in thought but in execution. There are few among the earlier portraits, for example, which will compare for vigour with that of Mr. Walter Crane, painted scarcely five years ago; while of the more imaginative works, the later version of "Fata Morgana" (1889) shows a no less advance over its predecessor, painted five-and-twenty years before. The chief charm, however, of Mr. Watts's work, especially for those to whom the symbolism which delights him has no attraction, is the harmony of his rich colouring, borrowed alternately from Veronese, Tintoret, or Giorgione, giving to his portraits, as well as to his "moralities," a persuasiveness of their truth. In the portrait of Mrs. Percy Wyndham, painted twenty years ago, Mr. Watts seems for once to have ventured into the art more especially connected with Leighton's name, but he appears to have speedily abandoned it. As a landscape-painter, Mr. Watts has scarcely yet received full justice, but the series of pictures lent by Lord Davey should correct the general ideas on this point. Of the collection of portraits and pictures which Mr. Watts intends to bequeath to the nation, it is only necessary to say that the later Victorian era could not have found a more competent or sympathetic exponent than the donor, or one more competent to represent the high-water mark of English painting during that period.

The Royal Academy has decided to follow the example of the Sovereign in awarding exceptional honour to its late President. As Lord Leighton was the first artist to be ennobled, he is the first Academician to whom the distinction of a "one-man" exhibition has been accorded at Burlington House. The question how far his work bears this trial is a matter for individual judgment and taste, but no one will deny that the four rooms devoted to Leighton's oil paintings are bright and brilliant almost to the point of bedazzlement. By a happy thought the Council have placed his first important work, "Cimabue's Triumph," face to face with the "Daphnephoria," painted one-and-twenty years later; and one is thus able to measure the full scope of Leighton's powers—for probably all will admit that it was between 1871 and 1876 that they reached their highest development. The "Moorish Garden," the "Hercules and Alceste," the "Summer Moon," and the "Egyptian Slinger" all belong to this period, and seem to be the embodiment of Leighton's fullest powers as a painter. In his more recent productions, culminating in the "Clytie," it must be admitted that the figure was too often a subsidiary element, and the classic ideal thereby destroyed. It may seem paradoxical to say that future generations will regard him rather as a sculptor than as a painter. The two figures of "The Python-Slayer" and "The Sluggard" display qualities which Leighton was not always successful in transferring to canvas, while the temptation to distract attention from the modelling of his

figures to the colour of their drapery was absent. That Lord Leighton had a high ideal of art, towards which he persistently and conscientiously devoted his undoubted talents, no one will deny.

"The Man of Sorrows," by Mr. W. S. Burton, now on view at Messrs. Graves (Pall Mall), recalls the promise given by the artist some twenty years ago. His "Cavalier"—a duel scene of startling vivacity—by the special courtesy of a Royal Academician, who

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The well-known Octagon Chapel, Bath, where Archbishop Magee ministered, has now been sold, and the fixtures have been disposed of by auction. For the pulpit only £1 was given. The Communion service was knocked down at £12 10s., and the organ at £28. The large Bible with Church service went for 3s. 6d., and the pine Communion-table for 10s. When the fixtures have been cleared out, the building will be used as an antique furniture-store by Messrs. Mallett and Sons.

Archbishop Sumner was one of the last Church dignitaries to give up the wig, and he discarded it on Easter Day 1859. Bishop Bagot, of Oxford, was the first to give up the wig, and Bishop Blomfield, of London, speedily followed him.

A correspondent gives an interesting account of Christmas Eve at Bethlehem. Multitudes go out the six miles of road between Jerusalem and Bethlehem on pilgrimage to the Church of the Nativity. The open space in front of the Franciscan Monastery is filled with a heterogeneous crowd of many nations and languages. The sombre garb of the pilgrims contrasts strangely with the bright attire of the Consular representatives and flashing swords of the Turkish soldiery. By ten o'clock the Church is filled to overflowing; though the ceremony does not commence till half-past eleven, when the organ bursts upon the stillness with the majestic harmonies of the "Adeste Fideles." The service opens with the recital of "Lauds" and "Prime," after which the Bishop celebrates the Midnight Mass. The climax is reached when the "bambino" is disclosed to the worshippers by drawing aside a small curtain above the altar, when the effect produced upon the congregation is electrical. There is then a procession to the "Grotto of the Manger," and the entire company descends there to deposit the Infant Jesus. This done they return to the church, where the ceremony is prolonged till daybreak.

Judging by the marriage statistics, Roman Catholicism is not increasing in England—at least not beyond the increase of population. In 1875 there were 201,212 marriages in England, of which 8411 were Roman Catholic. This is a proportion of 4.11 per thousand. In 1894 there were 226,449 in England, of which 9453 were Roman Catholic—a proportion again of 4.11 per thousand.

In London the Church communicants only number a bare three per cent. of the population.

For the current year it seems each £100 of tithe rent-charge will produce no more than £69 17s. 11½d., being on the commutation about one and a half per cent. less than last year. Seven years ago the value was slightly over £78, and now it has fallen below £70.

The title of Bishop of Crediton is about to be revived after a lapse of 850 years, Canon Trefusis being nominated as suffragan. Canon Trefusis has given great stimulus to the interest in foreign mission work done in the diocese.

Considerable activity is shown in the arrangements for the approaching meeting of the Free Church Council in London during the month of March. A reception is to be given at the Mansion House, and it is expected that the meetings, which will be mostly held in the City Temple, will be very largely attended.



FEEDING YOUNG BIRDS.

By C. Cef.

removed his own picture to make space for Mr. Burton's, abundantly justified in the eyes of the public this rare instance of generosity. Since that time Mr. Burton has apparently been absent from the Academy, and his present picture would suggest that he has been studying in the school of Gérôme. Christ is represented as seated in the Judgment Hall wearing the purple robe and crown of thorns, and receiving the mocking homage of the Roman soldiers. The expression of weariness and suffering, combined with complete resignation, is depicted in His face; and if the artist has failed to convey all that he desired, it is because the task has ever been beyond the powers of all but the very greatest. Mr. Burton does not rank among these, but his work throughout is thoughtful, intelligent, and eminently dexterous.





1. Kenmare House, Killarney, the Seat of the Earl of Kenmare.  
2. The Search for Bodies of Victims.  
3. The old Flesk Bridge, Killarney.

4. View of the Landslip over the Road to Cork, the X showing the Spot where Donnelly's House stood.  
5. Quarry Lodge, which narrowly escaped being washed away.

6. Jeremiah Lynes' House, nearly washed away.  
7. O'Sullivan's House, nearly carried away, and a View of the River of Black Bog pouring down to the Lakes of Killarney.

THE BOG SLIDE IN IRELAND.

Drawn on the Spot by our Special Artist, Mr. Holland Tringham.





MALLARDS OFF THE COAST.

*By Archibald Thorburn.*



## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

We have had two gleams of sunshine this week, and at once optimists consider the possibilities of doffing the fur mantle in favour of the cloth coat and skirt. But, indeed, during this winter, so called, the fur jacket has been by no means a necessity of our everyday existence. In a spirit of prophecy—always a dangerous spirit—I will declare that the sac jacket under its most moderate aspect, reaching but to the waist, thus partaking somewhat of the nature of the bolero, is to be among the most prominent of the coming fashions. Two models like this have I seen just fresh from the work-rooms of an artist. The one was of dark blue cloth; the short jacket was slit up at either side-seam, and possessed Directoire revers faced with embroidered batiste. The other was of biscuit-coloured thick box cloth cut on the conventional lines of an ordinary sac, but fastening single breasted in the front with buttons and buttonholes and a small step velvet collar. At the hem in the front the corners of this coat were cut round, and its length extended some three inches below the waist. A jacket of this kind completed with a skirt to match, and crowned with a cedar-coloured velvet toque trimmed with two natural tinted ostrich-feathers setting up erect, tied together with a rosette of blue and mauve velvet, would make an ideal costume.

There is some chance, I am told, of shaded velvet putting in its appearance once again amongst us, and I have met a lovely Empire gown with a belt of velvet shading from poppy-red to rose-pink, traced with a lace appliqué and jet beads. And again have I seen an entire blouse of velvet shading from green to mauve and purple, belted with black satin drawn through a large steel buckle at the back, and permitting just at one side of the front a little peep at soft lace frills. Most of the bodices fasten down the side, either showing an under-bodice of embroidery or chiffon or being edged with little frills of lace. A very pretty model is made of velvet—plain velvet set in horizontal tucks, each tuck being edged with a little frill of black lace and a little frill of white lace; and this fastens down one side with a small frill of embroidered batiste resting on a frill of black lace.



AN IVORY-WHITE POPLIN TEA-GOWN.

I have found this in grey velvet, finished at the neck and waist with a band of geranium satin, and very successful it is; and I have also seen it in orange yellow velvet, when, worn with a black skirt lined with orange silk and a small black toque embroidered with jet, completed with a caracule cape lined with orange, finished at the neck with a chinchilla collar tied with a scarf of yellow-lace, it had decided charms. A good model in a cloth costume of simple detail is illustrated on this page, and shows a skirt trimmed with three bands of white cloth, the dress itself being of a mushroom tone of cloth, the decoration of the white also appearing to edge the revers of the pointed bolero, which is cut very short under the arms, and displays a deep corselet of black satin. This is a model which might well be carried out in dark-blue cloth, with strappings of black satin.

The newest style of cloth is our old friend cashmere thickened into a semblance of the texture of face-cloth, but yet wearing the face of cashmere. It is a capital fabric, setting admirably, and being most delightful to the touch. At the present moment it is somewhat expensive, but in the immediate future, no doubt, the

manufacturers will arrange to bring it within the possibility of the least prodigal. The most prodigal would do well to copy that tea-gown sketched on this page, which is made of ivory-white Irish poplin, elaborately traced with silver sequins and diamonds, fastening on the bust with diamond buttons and showing an under-petticoat of kilted white crêpe de chine. There are some lovely designs in tea-gowns about just now. One of the most convincing charm I have met was of peach-coloured crêpe de chine—this was the most popular of all fabrics for such dresses—cut almost in Princess style, with the bodice entirely covered with real lace traced with a raised design of steel beads. And another of no less attractive detail was of pale yellow accordion-kilted crêpe de chine with a petticoat of real lace bordered with a narrow edge of sable. A third tea-gown, which may be allowed to tell its own tale of elegance, was of white crêpe de chine with a raised floral design upon it also in white, and this had a front of real lace and a hood of the same round the shoulders, bordered with mink. In confidence I may observe that all these beautiful gowns are at Jay's, where, in their company, I came across the ideal high evening bodice made of stripes of lace traced with silver sequins, alternating with white chiffon and insertions of pale yellow net. This was high at the back, but boasted a very deep collar, which made it somewhat of the V-shape in the front, edged with elaborate frills of the yellow net, and it was belted round the waist with black velvet drawn through a steel buckle, which enclosed a bunch of pink roses tied with a pale blue ribbon.

The high evening blouse is rather a difficult garment to obtain to perfection, and white chiffon and yellow lace are undoubtedly the best aids to such an end, but these are, alas! of ephemeral charm. And very successful and of more lasting virtue are bodices of black net traced with coloured sequins mounted over white chiffon, with the colour of the jewels reproduced in belt and neckband. And again, too, worthy of regard are bodices of the finest of black lace mounted over white net; and, further, would I urge the attractions of bodices made of insertions of cream-coloured lace joined with bands of black velvet ribbon, these to be placed horizontally.

PAULINA PRY.

## NOTES.

The Prince of Wales has supplied the needed phrase to express the sixtieth celebration of the Queen's reign. His Royal Highness calls it "the diamond wedding" of the Queen and her nation. This is happy, and will doubtless be adopted. But a London daily, usually "certain sure" of everything, undertakes to correct the Prince, and asserts that the "diamond wedding" is the seventy-fifth anniversary of a marriage. Even a journalist's hasty pen might have been suspended long enough to allow him to reflect within himself that it must be unheard of for a married couple both to survive their wedding-day for seventy-five years, seeing that people do not marry in this country much under twenty years of age. The Prince, of course, is right. The sixtieth anniversary of a wedding is the diamond wedding-day.

The air teems with suggestions for local and general funds to supply all sorts of things, from a lunatic asylum to a town pump, associating the object with the Sovereign's "diamond wedding with the nation." I beg to suggest to those in high places that the most appropriate celebration possible would be the institution by the Queen herself of a system of Royal Honours for the admirable Sovereign's own sex. In honour of all that the Queen has been, and all that she has taught her people as to the powers of mind and body, and the noble moral and domestic character that can be displayed by a woman sharing in political and public life and work, why should she not create several women peeresses in their own right, and establish an Order of knighthood for illustrious women, the conferring of which should entitle the recipient to be called "Lady" as a man is called "Sir" in like case? Successful actors and managers, musicians, artists, authors, political workers, chairmen of public bodies and of charitable committees—all these are knighted, and the title has long ceased to connote a warlike personage. Indeed, there is one Order to which ladies are admitted—namely, the Imperial Crown of India; but this is confined to women who have held some official post in our great dependency. I want to see opened the fountain of honour to the great woman-monarch's own sex, so that there shall be feminine analogies henceforth to Sir Henry Irving, Sir Walter Besant, Sir Joseph Barnby, Sir E. Poynter, Sir Augustus Harris, and Sir Edmund Currie.

Doubtless there would be heartburnings over the choice of the women to be so favoured. But are there not the like in the case of men? Don't you think you could find a hundred men authors who cannot imagine why Sir Walter Besant was singled forth for his knighthood? As matters stand, Baroness Burdett-Coutts is the unique instance of a woman receiving honour from the Queen for her public services. Why not make the royal Princesses Duchesses in their own right, as their brothers are Dukes, and raise Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Dufferin, Lady Carlisle, Lady Battersea, and a few other distinguished women of family to the Peerage, with the remainder to their daughters before their sons? This would be a unique, and yet as things go now a justifiable and suitable, commemoration of our present Queen's era, so remarkable for women already.

Among the "great ladies" who are not content to live for themselves alone, the beautiful and gracious young Duchess of Sutherland takes a foremost place, being ever ready to give both influence and personal exertion to the service of the community. Her Grace is now deeply interested in an effort to help the crofters and cottagers of the Western Highlands and islands of Scotland, in the most practical manner—namely, by helping them to find a suitable outlet for their own industry. They are, like the Irish, Celts, with the characteristics of that race, and their condition is at least as desperate as that of the most congested districts of Ireland, though they have not hitherto been as articulate as to their sorrows as their Irish brethren

over the sea. The Scotch cottars' great trouble lies in the fact that their chief industry, the manufacture of "homespun" tweeds, has fallen into the hands of middlemen to so great a degree that they work as little for themselves as if they were so many slaves. The "merchant," as the village storekeeper is called, has advanced the necessities of life

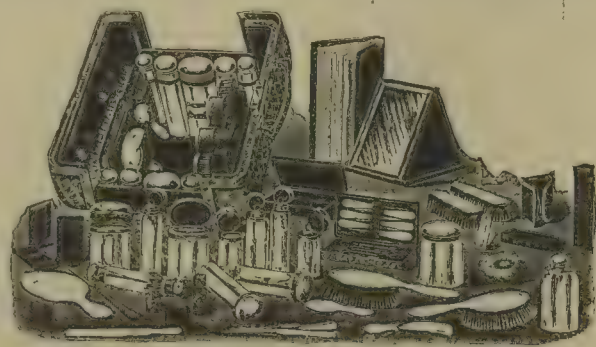


A TRIMMED CLOTH COSTUME.

to the crofters and their families—at the most extravagant prices very often. He has had to wait for his money till the cottage looms have spun the cloth, but his risk in doing so is practically nil, as the crofter is fixed to his native soil and cannot get away from his creditor. The cloth, when ready, is then taken from the weaver at the "merchant's" own price, and that is balanced against the score, so as to leave always a hopeless tale of debt undischarged. Thus the crofter could never sell his manufactures in the open market at the best price that the goods would command even if any other buyer than the local merchant had offered.

Some few years ago, a ladies' committee, with a full insight into these difficulties, was formed to help these poor folk out of the slough into which they had sunk. The late Lady Rosebery was one of the active members of the original committee, and the work has been well supported by the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Mackenzie of Gairloch, Mrs. Beckett, and others. They have now formed themselves into a limited liability company (the dividend being "limited" too, for it is never in any event to exceed three per cent., and for long will be nothing probably) in order to develop and improve the cottage industry of those districts in what is practically a co-operative form. Local managers have been appointed to sell the necessities of life, and also the wool for spinning, direct at the lowest prices to the poor workers, and to take from them the finished product of their toil when ready and pass it into the best markets, giving the labourers the price obtained, less expenses. Every length of the real homespun is to be stamped by the association, and a warehouse for supplying tailors and dressmakers has been opened at 12, Woodstock Street, London, W.

Messrs. Drew, of Piccadilly Circus, have had on show this week two magnificent dressing-bags, intended as wedding gifts at a fashionable Canadian marriage. The illustration shows the lady's bag. It is in myrtle-green crocodile leather. The fittings are more beautiful than the engraving can convey; they are 22-carat "fire-encrusted" gold, the repoussé design being of Louis XV. character,



and hand-beaten. The crests and monograms are in dull gold carved from the solid. The work has taken some three months to execute, and was entirely carried out at their London works. The gentleman's bag is equally handsome, but of plainer character.

F. F.-M.



# WESTPHALITE.

IN pursuance of Section 6 of the Coal Mines Regulation Act, 1896, an order by the Home Secretary, dated Dec. 19, 1896, has been issued, which absolutely prohibits the use of various explosives, including gunpowder, in all unsafe coal mines and in such as are not wet throughout.

Eight explosives out of the many now in use are permitted; of these **Westphalite** is at once the **cheapest** and **safest**. **Westphalite** has been thoroughly tested, as witness the following extracts from two of the numerous Reports given by Well-known Authorities—

Mr. EMERSON BAINBRIDGE, Colliery Proprietor, M.P., M.Inst.C.E., in Report dated March 13, 1896, says:

"**Westphalite** did not cause any explosion when fired into Coal Dust or Coal Dust and Coal Gas mixed, whereas the other explosives against which it was tested failed under these tests." He adds, "I believe that if this explosive had been in use at the Blackwall Collieries, in Derbyshire, where a recent disastrous explosion took place, the accident would have been averted, and I consider that in the case of most of the colliery explosions of the past where gunpowder was in use, the employment of such an explosive as **Westphalite** would in all probability have prevented the occurrence of such accidents."

Mr. JOHN KNOWLES, Manager of the Pearson and Knowles Coal and Iron Company, Limited, reports, under date Sept. 19, 1896, on experiments with **Westphalite**, at the Company's Collieries at Ince, near Wigan:

"I have conducted numerous experiments with almost all the so-called safety high explosives for mining purposes, in the testing station erected near the Collieries of the Pearson and Knowles Coal and Iron Company, Limited, and I find **Westphalite** to give the most satisfactory results with regard to safety in highly explosive mixtures of Coal Dust and Gas. I have also compared the results of **Westphalite** with other high explosives—by practical tests in blasting coal in various mines—and find that **Westphalite** gives the best results in producing the coal in a good round marketable condition, and it is also free from any disagreeable fumes."

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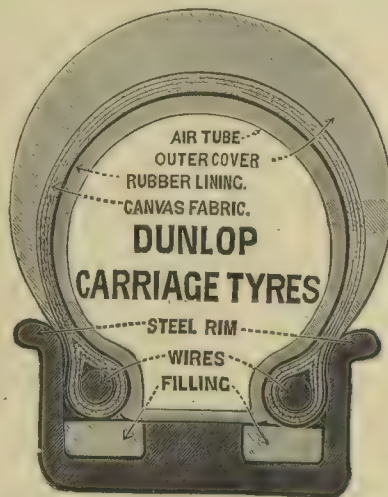
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to dispose of at Farnham, including arrears of rent, to his nephew Lord Farnham, but charged with the payment of £5000 to his sister-in-law, Charlotte Ann Maxwell, and an annuity to his valet. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew Lord Farnham, and his nieces Isabella Sarah Maxwell and Anna Frances Burrows, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 11), with two codicils (dated Aug. 10 and Nov. 3, 1896), of Mr. Alexander Durlacher, of 15, Old Burlington Street, Piccadilly, who died on Nov. 19, was proved on Dec. 29 by John Beverley Campbell and Edward Newton Durlacher, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £60,534. The testator bequeaths £4000, upon trust, for Agnes Savory, for life, and then to her two children; £2000 each, upon trust, for Allen Edward Savory and his wife, Florence Savory, for life, and then to their sons Ronald and Gordon; £3000 to his niece Frances; £5000 each to his brother, George Augustus Durlacher, and his sister, Elizabeth Savory; £2000 each to Henry Charles Savory and Maud Mary Campbell; £1000 each to Annie Durlacher and John Beverley Campbell; and many other legacies. The gold seal given to him by her Majesty the Queen, and the piece of plate presented to him by the Sacred Harmonic Society, he gives to his sister, Elizabeth Savory, to be held by her

as family heirlooms. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said sister, Elizabeth Savory, for her own use and benefit.

The will (dated July 24, 1894) of Mr. Philip Alexander Hughes, of 6, Dorset Square, who died on Nov. 23, was proved on Dec. 29 by Major Arbuthnott James Hughes, the son, and Edward Eyre Greenwell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £57,573. The testator gives the presentation plate given to his father, a Captain in the Honourable East India Company, and £300 to his son, Arbuthnott James Hughes; £300 to his daughter, Thereza Josette Hughes; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one moiety thereof, upon trust, for his son, and the other moiety, upon trust, for his daughter.

The will, as contained in paper writings marked A and B (dated April 7, 1879, and Feb. 7, 1896), with a codicil (dated Oct. 22, 1896), of Mr. Joseph Skinner, formerly of 7, Palace Court Mansions, Bayswater, and late of the Hôtel Belvidere, San Remo, Italy, who died on Nov. 8, was proved on Dec. 23 by Mrs. Alexandra Burns Skinner, the widow, the Rev. James Henry Skinner, the brother, and Archibald Macfadyen, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £52,044. Subject to legacies of £100 each to the Rev. James Henry Skinner and Archibald

Macfadyen, he leaves all his real and personal estate, upon sundry trusts, for his wife and children.

The will (dated July 13, 1896) of Mr. Francis Irving, late of Tunbridge Wells, and formerly of 33, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, and Bournemouth, who died on Sept. 18, was proved on Dec. 29 by Miss Isabella Sarah Bruce Irving, Augustus Henry Oakes, the Rev. John William Vernon Taylor, Irving Henry Seppings Harrison, and Gerald Charles Colman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,803. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his nephew Maxwell Harrison and to his sister-in-law Mrs. Josephine Irving; an annuity of £100 to his brother, James Corbet Irving; £200 to his nephew Charles Percy Taylor; £400 each to his nieces Kate Irving and Emma Irving, and legacies to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his two daughters, Isabella Sarah Bruce Irving and Helen Bruce Irving.

The will (dated Jan. 7, 1896) of Dame Susannah Greenall, widow of Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., of Walton Hall, Warrington, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Dec. 29 at the Chester District Registry by Susannah Greenall and Bertha Greenall, the daughters and executrixes, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,975. The testatrix gives everything she dies

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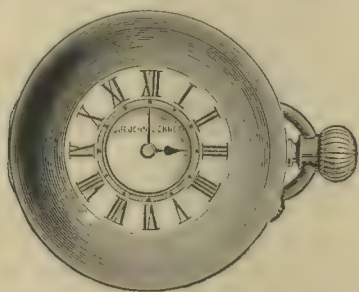
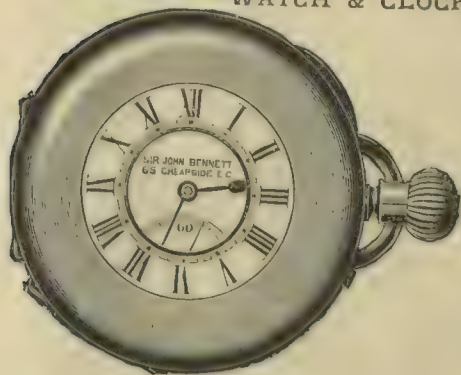
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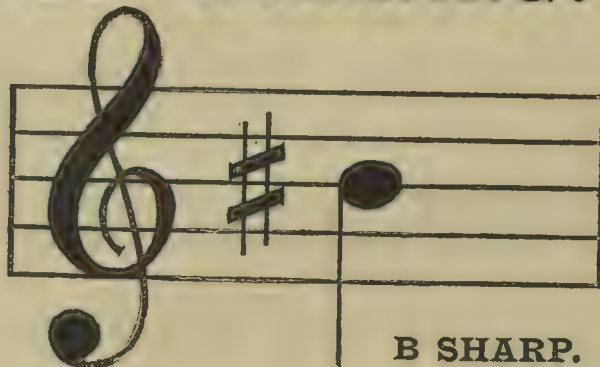
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possessed of and over which she has a power of appointment, between her two daughters.

The will (dated May 19, 1890), with a codicil (dated June 27, 1893), of Mr. Frederic Hill, of Inverleith House, Thurlow Road, Hampstead, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on Dec. 30 by Edward Bernard Levin Hill, the nephew, and Edward Maurice Hill, the great-nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £11,330. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his daughter Mrs. Edgeworth Leonora Scott and her husband, John Scott; annuities of £50 each (already purchased from the Government) to his daughters, Mrs. Scott, Ellen Gertrude Hill, and Mary Constance; £30 each to his executors; and specific gifts to his family. He desires that the portrait of his father should be given to the Corporation Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham. The residue of his property he leaves equally between his three daughters.

The new electric railway want St. Mildred's, Bread Street, one of the most charming of Wren's churches. This is the church where Shelley was married.

Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Chichester, who is a total abstainer, has refused to join the Good Templar Order, as he believes in the medicinal value of alcohol.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

When I read the list of New Year honours conferred upon persons more or less distinguished, and when, in common with all who have the interests of science at heart, I rejoiced to see a distinguished scientist, Sir Joseph Lister, added to the peerage to keep Lords Kelvin and Playfair company, another thought occurred to me regarding the relative neglect of a great man among us whom as yet no Prime Minister has seen fit to honour. I refer to Herbert Spencer. Possibly, nay, one may say probably, I think, Mr. Spencer might not feel thankful for elevation to the House of Lords. He is one of the most modest and retiring of men, an earnest student of nature, who has spent his life in building up, patiently and successfully, a consecutive and consistent scheme of thought and a philosophy which take the undisputed fact of evolution for their keynote. "The man in the street," nowadays, knows a good deal about Darwin's views, and he may even have heard of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the colleague of Darwin. But the name of Spencer is not known of the multitude, and even your fairly well educated man or woman is often puzzled to locate the status of the philosopher whose influence has permeated the thought of our age more distinctly perhaps

than the views and opinions of any other investigator. So true is it that the world often knows naught of its greatest men.

It is the fate of a philosopher like Spencer to work unrecognised and unesteemed by the crowd. But if the nation at large has not awoke to an adequate conception of what thought and progress owe to Spencer, there is no scientist who will not own to the full his indebtedness to the man whose life has been spent in organising knowledge according to evolution, just as Bacon, in his day, showed men the way of logical thought and thinking. Mr. Spencer has concluded his lifelong work. He has completed the system of philosophy founded on the doctrine of evolution, and has brought every phase of life and conduct under the ægis of the great conception of progress and development. From the evolution of the flower to that of morals and conduct, Spencer has shown that our guiding idea is to be found in the development theory. Astronomers are telling us that the planets show definite order in respect of their birth, growth, maturity, and death. They teach us that the same elements extend universally through space to form sun and satellites alike. The evolution we see taking place around us in our own little world is only part of the bigger scheme which is at work in the universe at large. The share Herbert Spencer has had in formulating

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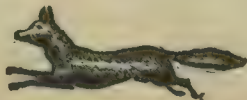
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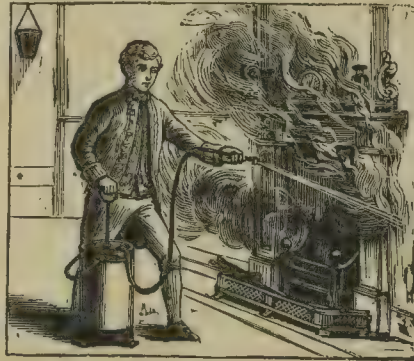
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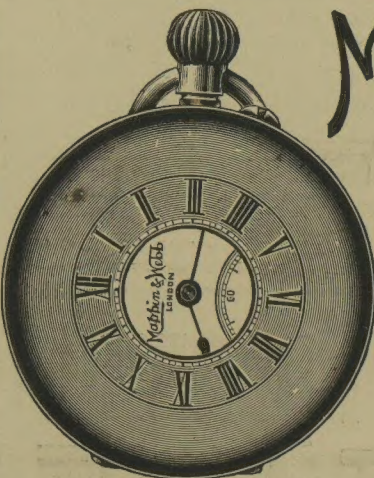
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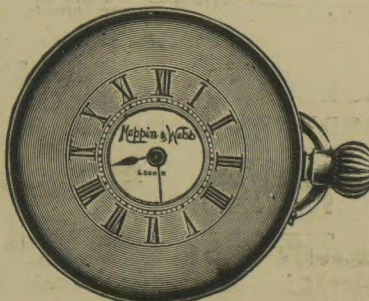
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clearly and distinctly for the benefit of future generations the great thought of the age must be regarded as excelling in magnitude and importance the work of Darwin and Wallace. Spencer has placed evolution in the position of a logical system; Darwin and Wallace elaborated one special phase of the development idea—namely, that of "natural selection." It is this confusion of the fundamental idea of evolution with particular expressions or interpretations of its working which has been the cause of much error and of many absurd criticisms of the system. As Huxley well said at the last British Association meeting he attended, in moving a vote of thanks to Lord Salisbury as president, if the theory of natural selection became as extinct as the dodo, the great fact of evolution would remain as permanent as, say, the law of gravitation. It is this fundamental conception of evolution which Spencer has

elaborated, systematised, and applied to all departments of thought.

Much yet remains to be done, of course, in respect of the further investigation of the causes or factors to the influence of which evolution is due. Mr. Spencer has not finished the work of demonstrating the great doctrine of the age, any more than the modern astronomer has secured finality of thought in his own department. Critics will discover deficiencies in Spencer's work; but perfection is the fate of no man, and it is something for one individual to have completed the systematic ordering of a great system of philosophy, such as may well form a sure foundation for the thought of future ages.

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Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.

**PREVENTS** the DECAY of the TEETH.

**RENDERS** THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is **PERFECTLY HARMLESS** and **DELICIOUS** to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

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CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1863.

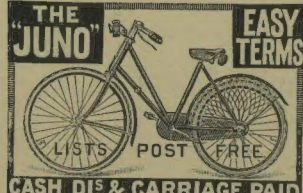
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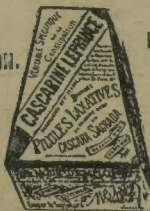
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**A RIDE TO KHIVA.**

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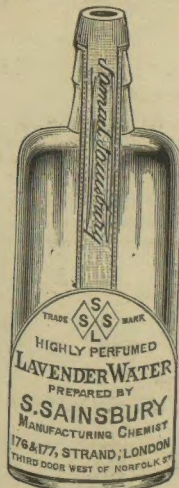
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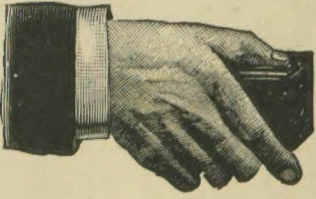
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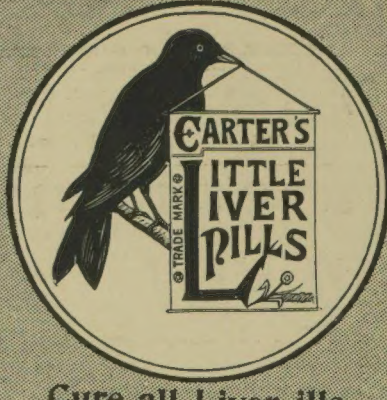
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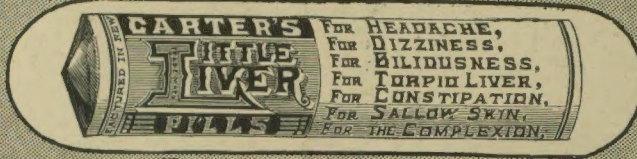
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Cure all Liver ills.

Exact size and shape of Package.



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Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion,  
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BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.

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A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

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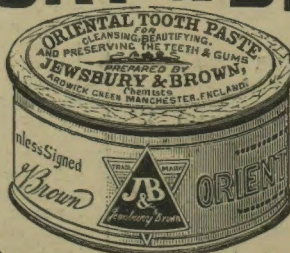
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**GLYCERINE AND CUCUMBER**

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DELICATELY SOFT,  
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AT ALL SEASONS.

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